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THE PET DOVE.

Doves.

('The Christian Pictorial.')

'Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows?'—Isaiah lx., 8.

You have all seen a dove, and I have no doubt you have heard it "coo" many a time. I have indeed a suspicion that some of you have a pet dove, and that you have often admired its plumage. You have also wondered at the rapidity of its flight. You have seen the carrier pigeon, for instance, speed on its way with its message. What is it that makes it fly so rapidly with its message under its wing? The love of home. People know that, and therefore take the carrier pigeon away far from home, so that when they have a message

to send back, they may tie it under the bird's wing and tnen let it go. The first use that the bird makes of its liberty is to fly upward, and after describing one or two circles in the air in order to see in which direction its home lies, it makes a straight course for it. It is very wonderful at what speed it goes. It flies faster than any express train. The carrier pigeon has been known to fly at the rate of 100 and even 120 miles an hour. At such a speed that little bird goes homeward. What is it, I ask, that makes it fly at such a speed? Ah, it is its attachment to home; its love for the little door or window that opens into the dovecot. In that bird's little heart is a mighty love that imparts great speed to its flight and makes it unerring in its aim. In that respect I want you to imitate the dove. I think that as a British people—I will not give all the credit to the English; for the Ancient Britons were noted for their love of home and kindred—our love for home is unsurpassed the wide world over. I want you to cherish that love. I know it will bring with it trial sometimes; for the fonder we are of our home the more trying will it be to leave it, and the more we love our dear ones, the more we shall feel the wrench of being separated from them. There is no love that does not bring with it the power and readiness to suffer. It is the tender heart that always endures most. But who would have a hard heart just to escape suffering? I want you boys and girls so to love your homes that, even in fifty or sixty or more years to come, you will always think of the days of your childhood with a tender, loving and grateful heart, and will be as ready to pay a visit to the old spot as doves to fly to their windows.

Doves, too, love flying in great numbers. They are very fond of one another's fellowship. They do not like to be alone. I enjoy being in a wood when the doves are cooing. I confess I do not like cooing doves in the house. Everything is beautiful in its place. The bagpipes are, no doubt, charming among the mountains of Scotland, but preserve me from them in a room. That would be rather too much of a good thing. And so with the doves; the cooing of the dove is very beautiful in the wood, or high up on the rocky cliff. When it comes down like a benediction upon us, distance lends a charm to the loving, though plaintive sound. Doves seem to strike all their loving notes in the minor key. But after all the most tender of all music is in the minor key. The dove gives its own note. It has not a song, but it does 'coo,' simply because it loves.

Moreover, the dove is exceptionally innocent and harmless. You know that the Lord Jesus spoke about the dove. Who would not be the bird about which the Lord Jesus spoke? Yet he did not speak of the grandest birds, but the humblest. He spoke of the dove, not because of its beautiful plumage, but because of its gentle, harmless disposition—'Be wise as serpents, and harmless as doves.' In that respect, boys and girls ought to be like doves. Be harmless: be full of loving, tender, unselfish sympathy. Be ready to weep with those who weep, and to rejoice with those who rejoice; then will you seek no one's harm, but the good of all.

But there is one respect which I wish you be unlike the dove; Hosea calls it 'the silly dove.' It is one thing to be harmless, another thing to be silly; it is one thing to be easily persuaded, it is another thing to have no judgment of our own. Hosea evidently thought that sometimes the dove was silly, and that Ephraim was like a silly dove, which had no heart, or judgment, or reason, and was, therefore, easily allured and trapped. We should be unlike the dove in that respect. That was just what Jesus taught men, 'Be wise as serpents, and harmless as doves.' In other words, 'Do not have the wicked design of the serpent, which is bent upon mischief. Be wise as the serpent, but harmless as the dove.' There are plenty of harmless people in the world who are very foolish, and very easily led into any mischief. They bring ruin upon themselves by their folly. You should guard against that folly. You should be wise, for there are tempters on every side, and sin has its many allurements.

It is not enough, therefore, for you to be harmless in thought and purpose. You are to watch as well as pray—'Watch, lest ye enter into temptation.' There are others who will watch with you if you will only submit to be guided by them. Your dear parents and teachers watch over you and pray for you; but there is One who watches as no one else does, and that is the Lord Jesus Himself.

How wonderfully He watched over some of us when we were children, and when, apart from Him, we should have easily gone astray and fallen a prey to the tempter. It is to Him that you should flee for refuge, as the doves fly to their windows.

[For the 'Northern Messenger.'

Visit of Lord Curzon to the Victorian Indian Orphanage.

Lord Curzon arrived in Dhar on Sunday, and on that account ordered that his entry be altogether private, thus encouraging the missionaries by giving prominence to the sacred character of the day.

The following condensed extracts are taken from a letter recently received:

'Our political agent, Captain Barnes, is exceedingly friendly and helpful, and through him Miss O'Hara sent a request to Lord Curzon, asking him if he would be kind enough to visit the Orphanage. We hardly hoped to get a favorable answer, as he had already declined (his visit being a private one) to unveil the statue of her late Majesty, the Queen, so we were correspondingly pleased when word came that he would visit us at ten o'clock next morning. We had been given to understand that he disliked anything like ceremony on such occasions, so we made no special preparations to receive him, beyond having everything as neat as possible, and all the boys brought over from our own compound to welcome him when he arrived. We hardly expected to have such an influx of visitors as came. Accompanying His Excellency were his two A.D.C.'s and other members of his staff, the Hon. Mr. Bayley, A.G.G. for Central India, His Highness the Rajah of Dhar, Capt. Barnes and others. We were delighted at the frank and genial manner in which the Viceroy met us, shook hands and asked about our work; indeed, nothing could have exceeded the cordiality of his manner, and our impression was only strengthened by what more we saw of him later.

'His first request was to be shown through the orphanage. The girls were in school at the time, and we showed the Viceroy and party through the various classes. He was very much interested to learn that all our children, with one or two exceptions, were Bheels. He asked numerous questions about their former life, the time they came into the orphanage, our method of training them, and their future prospects. All his questions evinced a real and deep interest in the children and were evidently put from a desire to know as much as possible about them, and in no perfunctory way. His ignorance of Hindi of course made it impossible for him to understand the children when they read, but he expressed himself as very much pleased with the apparent fluency with which they read and the general neatness of their writing and other work. Among other things, the Viceroy asked if we received any aid from the Government for our Orphanage, and was very much interested to hear the account of the origin of our society and the work it had carried on. Before he left the children sang the National Anthem in Hindi, delighting those present who had never heard it sung before in anything but English.

'After a visit of half or three-quarters of an hour, His Excellency, on leaving, again expressed to Miss O'Hara and myself his deep appreciation of the work we were doing on behalf of the children, and wished us every success in it. Our children were delighted with the visit, and will long remember it, as well they may for few native children have had the honor of so interesting and pleasant a visit from the Viceroy of India.

'Miss O'Hara and I had the pleasure of dining with His Excellency the following evening, on his return from the ruined city of Mandu, which he had gone to visit on account of its great archaeological interest. At dinner the Viceroy asked still further questions about the children and the work generally, and seemed to have very pleasant recollections of his visit.

'Next day as the Vice-regal party left the station, the girls and boys stood in a long line along the road and waved with their handkerchiefs a parting salute. It was a very picturesque sight, the girls with their red chudders, and the white handkerchiefs waving above them, in the setting of green foliage round about them. His Excellency was evidently much pleased with this unusual farewell, for he took out his own handkerchief and waved it in reply till the carriage was out of sight.

'I find I have come to the limit of my time, so shall not be able to write further about our children, but hope to do so at some future time.

'With constant prayers for your success in this good work, I am, yours faithfully,

'F. H. RUSSELL.'

For information regarding this work in India for the famine orphans, kindly apply to the Sec.-Treasurer, Mrs. Crichton, 142 Langside street, Winnipeg, to whom all contributions should be forwarded.

Post Office Crusade.

The following amounts have been received:—X.M.S., Almonte, Ont., $1; W. E. Warmston, Sandwick, B.C., $1; Agnes Turner, Appleton, Ont., 82c; Baptist Y.P.S. C. E., per Tena McLaren, Perth, Ont., 82c; J. Clark, Sr., Crowfoot Station, Ont., $1; A Friend to Missions, Oak Grove, Ont., $2; Sabbath-School, per Miss N. Fowler, Sprucedale, Ont., $2; Wm. Quance, Elfrida, Ont., 75c; R. M. Macfarlane, Chateauguay, Que., $1; M. Holden, Frelighsburg, Que., $1; Mrs. Potts, Meyersburg, Ont., $1; Geo. Copeland, Everton, Ont., 30c; Susan Price, Mountain Grove, Ont., $1; Geo. Morgan, Elm Valley, Reston, Man., 95c; Mrs. Meredith, Vernonville, Ont., $6; Mrs. Wesley Steele, West Derby, Vt., $2; M. Holden, Frelighsburg, Que., $1.

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS.

A reliable and handsome Fountain Pen, usually sold at $2.00, manufactured by Sandford & Bennett, New York, given to 'Messenger' Subscribers for a list of ten subscriptions to 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

The People's Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine Doctor. This book gives a description of the diseases of the Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine, with exact doses of medicine. Usually sold at $1.00, will be given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of seven subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

BAGSTER'S MINION BIBLE, suitable for Church, Sabbath-school or Day School. Each boy and girl reader of the 'Messenger' should possess one. Given for five subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

BAGSTER'S LONG PRIMER BIBLE—A handsome Bible, gilt edges, with the addition of 207 pages, containing the following: Valuable Bible Helps, Concordance, Alphabetical Index, Maps and illustrations, with other aids to Bible study. Given to 'Messenger' subscribers for fifteen subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

TEMPERANCE PLEDGE CRUSADE HONOR ROLL.

Up to Monday Night, Feb. 2.

JULIA B. PATTEN, Grand Bank, Nfld.

*Thomas E. Bovril, Blind River, Ont.
***A. C. Hoffman, Arden, Ont.
*Roy Sinclair, St. Francis, Me., U.S.
*Charles McKay, Walkerton, Ont.
*J. Henwood, Westbrook, N.S.
*N. Slater, Hoyt, N.B.
*L. N. B. Campbell, Minneapolis, Minn.,
Arthur Dickson, Westmeath, Ont.
Pearl McCagherty, Westmeath, Ont.
Alex. Fraser, Westmeath, Ont.
E. J. COLWELL, Robertson Point, N.B.

Total Signatures to date **8,313.**

Those with this mark* after their names have sent in at least forty signatures to the pledge. Each additional list of twenty names entitles the sender to an additional *

BOYS AND GIRLS

Aunt Angelina's Quilt.

(Louise R. Baker in 'Presbyterian Banner.')

It was bad enough to be named Angelina and to be called Angelyna and even Angelyny by ever so many people, but to come into an inheritance of a queer, old-time crazy quilt, simply because your name happened to be Angelina, why that was a thousand times worse. At least, such was the opinion of Angelina Park's cousins, Lucy and Sally.

The heir to the quilt was an orphan girl of sixteen, very tall for her age, with clear, expressive, truthful brown eyes, and a stoop in her shoulders that distressed the country doctor and worried her aunt, Mrs. Simon Wilson, just a little.

'For goodness sakes, Angelina, do try to hold yourself up; folks will think that I work you to death,' was the way in which Mrs. Wilson made known that Angelina's weakness worried her just a little. 'Dear knows,' she invariably added, 'many a sixteen-year-old girl makes herself more usefut about a house than you.'

The old country doctor addressed Angelina on the subject of her stooping shoulders in a much gentler manner. 'You're growing wonderfully fast,' he said, 'r-e-e-markably fast; but make up your mind that you're going to grow straight up, Angelina. You'll be stronger if you grow straight up, you know.'

Angelina Park did want to grow straight up, physically, mentally and morally. Her pretty head was full of ambitious dreams. It was her desire to attend a normal school and fit herself for a teacher. Three scholarships to the State Normal School were to be given in the county, and all the eligible girls, with any brains whatever, in all the public schools were studying in preparation for the examination. Lucy Wilson was studying energetically, although Lucy Wilson could attend the school whether she procured a scholarship or not, whereas, as everybody declared who knew anything, it certainly was rank foolishness for Angelina to be devoting valuable time to her books, for how, in the name of common sense, could Angelina go to the normal school even if she won a free scholarship? A free scholarship, as the teachers had taken pains to explain, had nothing whatever to do with paying a girl's board in the city and most assuredly it wouldn't clothe her and buy her city shoes and a city hat.

Angelina Park, notwithstanding her aunt's remarks about those more capable girls of sixteen, managed to do a good deal of work about a house. She rose early in the morning, fully an hour before Lucy and Sally, and prepared the breakfast; at noon she washed the dishes and in the evening she was kept busy at various minor occupations, while her cousins were studying their morrow's lessons. Angelina had to study her own lessons later in the little back upstairs room. In the vacation Angelina was busy all the day. The reason was that the girl must, of course, in some way, repay her aunt, Mrs. Wilson, for that meritorious act of taking her into her home and family. But all this has nothing whatever to do with Miss Angelina's quilt.

Miss Angelina Park had died after a long but uncomplaining illness. The quilt, worked in her spare moments and left to Angelina on account of her name—for all the old lady's other meager possessions had passed to the servant girl—consisted of all sorts and sizes of silk pieces, embroidered over with flowers, animals and fowls of every color and description. Humming birds sat stiffly on stiffer blossoming branches, cows showed their four legs conspicuously. There was a horse—but there is no use in saying too much about Miss Angelina's quilt. Suffice to tell that Lucy and Sally Wilson and Marian White, a city friend, laughed uproariously over Angelina's inheritance, while Angelina herself had a good cry over it.

'Things would have been different if she had had her way,' sobbed Angelina, down on her knees in the little back room, with her gorgeous quilt open on the bed and her pretty head buried in it. 'It's unkind of them to laugh at her quilt. She made it for me and she never had any lessons, and it was the only one of her possessions that she considered good enough for me, and she thought it was pretty and, and, and it is pretty and they never, never, never shall look at it again.'

Yes, if Miss Angelina Park had had her way things would have been different for Angelina. She would have been taken in at that other farmhouse, not to be a drudge but in the capacity of a beloved daughter. She would have been sent to school and been provided with suitable clothes. But Miss Angelina hadn't any money and her brother, Jonathan Park, would have been obliged to untie his purse strings and furnish the necessary cash. Angelina's Uncle Jonathan was rich but 'mortal close' as the people put it. The notably benign actions of his life had been few and far between and they had involved the spending of a minimum amount of money. These memorable actions had been accomplished through the intercession of Miss Angelina. 'Yes,' Mr. Park would say, for he was an honest man, 'Angelyna had her finger in this pie, for a fact.'

No one had any idea what Jonathan Park would in the end do with his dollars and cents; it was stated that he would come 'powerful nigh carryin' them along with him.' On one subject everyone was satisfied, Jonathan Park would never in the world leave his dollars and cents to a girl and there was nobody else to get them.'

Occasionally Mr. Park had called to see his niece. People said that his sister, Miss Angelina, had plagued him into calling. When, a week after Miss Angelina's death, the old farmer drove over to Mrs. Wilson's, bringing Angelina her inheritance, people said that it was the spirit of Miss Angelina that caused him to do it. He stayed to dinner this time, took, as was his habit and Mrs. Wilson saw to it herself that there was an extra dish of jelly upon the table, but Angelina performed the duty of waitress as was her custom, while her cousins sat at the board, and the well-off aunt knew that the rich uncle would see no reason why this shouldn't be.

Perhaps if Marian White hadn't been visiting Angelina's cousins at the time that Angelina came into her inheritance, the Wilson girls would never have ridiculed the quilt; but Marian White, looking at the quilt, burst into ringing laughter and cried, pointing here, and there—'Oh, what is this? And what is this?' and 'Oh, Lucy Wilson, aren't you sorry she wasn't your aunt?' and 'Oh, Sally, did you ever see such a ferocious cow? I'd be scared to death if I were to meet it off in a lonely meadow. O dear! O dear! tell Angelina to take the thing away or I'll expire."

It was a week after he had brought the quilt that Mr. Jonathan Park surprised the Wilson household by putting in a second appearance. Marian White whispered to Sally that she was sure and certain the gentleman had returned for the quilt, he couldn't be satisfied with the loss of so many head of cattle.

As was his custom, Mr. Park stayed for dinner; but when the meal was over he didn't go; even when asked if he wouldn't 'step over to the parlor' he said nothing about 'gettin' along home.' He stepped over to the parlor and settled himself comfortably in the biggest chair he could find. Mrs. Wilson and her daughters and Miss White entertained him, the mother explaining that Angelina would come to the parlor, too, as soon as she had washed the dinner dishes.

Mr. Park made known his mission when Angelina entered the parlor.

'I've been hearin' about this school examination,' he said, turning his keen little eyes upon his niece and scrutinizing her.

'Yes,' said Angelina meekly.

'I've been hearin',' continued the old man, 'that some of you young folks is thinkin' of takin' that there examination. Is that so?'

'Yes,' said Angelina again.

'Folks is sayin',' said Uncle Jonathan, crossing his legs higher up, 'that if Lucy gits the scholarship she's got a good thing; there's somebody ready fer to foot her bills up yonder to the town; but them same folks is sayin' that if Angelyna Park gits the scholarship she don't git nothin', for who's gunno foot her bills up yonder to the town. This talk sets me wonderin', Angelyna, why in the name of all that's reasonable you're gunno take the examination.'

'I'm wondering, too, Mr. Park,' said Mrs. Wilson, briskly. 'Angelina has a good home, with plenty to eat, and her clothes found for her. What is the use of her wasting her time dreaming dreams that never can come to anything?'

Angelina herself didn't say a word. It was a dismal truth. She was wasting her time dreaming a dream that would never come to anything, that never could come to anything. Her head drooped and her face grew very read.

'There'll be the expense of the books besides the other expenses,' said Uncle Jonathan.

'Yes, sir,' said Mrs. Wilson, and laughed. 'You put some sense into Angelina's head and try to get her to give up the idea of the examination.'

Mr. Park, however, was thoughtfully scratching his own head. 'Folks say you're smart, Angelyna,' he remarked, with his eyes upon the pretty red face; 'and I reckon some of 'em is sayin' that there ought to be somebody fer to foot them bills up yonder to the town. I dunno, I dunno; I've worked powerful hard for my money. Folks that ain't got no money they're mighty reckless sometimes a-spendin' other folk's, but I cal'late if your Aunt Angelina had had any money

she'd a left it to you fer to foot them bills.'

'Miss Angelina left the girl a very beautiful quilt,' said Mrs. Wilson, and the city girl giggled.

The giggle bewildered Mr. Park. 'Yes,' he said, looking all around, 'it certainly was a beautiful quilt. I ain't much fer the styles and sech, but I seen that quilt a-growin' and kind o' miss it. I tell you what, Angelyna, about this here school business, you git the money for the first year's books and I'll do the rest. It won't come quite so hard on me if you raise the funds for the first year's books. There!' exclaimed the old gentleman, heaving a deep sigh, 'ain't that fair and square, ain't I ready to do my part?'

Angelina did not speak, but her face changed from red to white.

'Folks got into a habit of tellin' it about,' explained Mr. Park, rising and laying hold of his hat, 'that Angelyna had a sort of a hand in several things that I done, a finger in the pie, and so she had, so she had; but I can't for the life of me see how anybody is gunno say that Angelyna has a finger in this here pie.'

He put his hat firmly upon his head, said good-evening, and departed.

Angelina Park sped out of the parlor and up to that little back room, where she fell on the bed in a passion of tears.

'No,' she sobbed, 'no, Aunt Angelina, you haven't anything to do with this; you have nothing to do with anything as mean, as miserable as this.'

The insignificant sum of ten dollars at most lay between the weeping girl and the fulfilment of her ambition, and it might as well have been ten hundred dollars as far as her ability to possess it was concerned.

By and by Angelina sat up and rubbed her hot hands over her hotter face and said fiercely that it was a foolish thing to cry, to act like a baby. The voices of her aunt and cousins and Marian White came up to her, her aunt was declaring that old Park was bragging, that was all; that if someone were to give Angelina the money for the books he would immediately back out of his generous offer.

'Of course,' said Mrs. Wilson, 'if I for a moment thought that he really meant what he said why I most certainly would give Angelina the money.'

Then Angelina's cousins, Lucy and Sally, echoed 'of course,' and Marian White said 'of course' vehemently.

But these people below were not honest, Angelina told herself, and her Uncle Jonathan was. He did not expect anybody to give her the money and he must know that she couldn't earn it—that was where its cruelty came in. But if she were to astonish him by getting the money he would keep to his promise. Again a great whiteness came into the orphan's face; her eyes darkened, her lips quivered. All her life she would be poor, despised and ignorant. She did so hate to be ignorant.

'Angelina,' Angelina!' called her aunt, 'where are your wits? Don't you see here's a storm rising? For mercy sakes don't let the chickens get a wetting.'

Angelina sped down the steps and out into the yard. The wind blew her hair over her face and away from it and flapped her frock about her slender figure as she coaxed and drove the chickens under shelter. Marian White stood on the porch, with her friend Lucy watching.

'My!' said the city girl, in a half whisper, 'wouldn't things be different for Angelina, if the old gentleman meant what he said and if somebody were to give her the book money?'

Now, although Mrs. Wilson was very certain that Mr. Park was merely boasting when he promised to pay Angelina's board in the city and furnish her with the necessary clothing provided the girl managed to procure that insignificant sum necessary for the purchase of the first year's books, she entertained no doubt whatever of Angelina's procuring a free scholarship should she persist in taking the examination. Neither had any doubt entered the head of Uncle Jonathan, neither had it entered the heads of the country people.

'Yes,' said old Mr. Park, speaking his mind right out in the stores and down at the mill and over at the blacksmith shop, 'yes, I have said to that there niece of mine, if she gits the money for the first year's books up yonder to the school I'll step in and defray the other expenses; yes, I'll hand out the money fer them other expenses let 'em be what they may.'

A great and solemn respect for the farmer entered into the hearts of those people, and then a great and solemn pity for Angelina. How was a slip of a girl ever going to get the ten dollars?

It is just possible that these people, who were also 'mortal close,' would have thrust their hands into their pockets, brought forth their greasy pocketbooks and counted out the necessary ten dollars, had they not known full well that Angelina Park was, like her mother before her, a proud being who would scorn the gift with tears and thanks.

'Yes,' said the idlers, seated about in the stores and hanging around the blacksmith shop and the mill, 'yes, Angelyny is smart as gals is made but proud—proud as was her mother, and that's saying a good deal. She'll accept that money from nobody, unless her aunt was to give it to her in wages. Mrs. Wilson ain't gunno offer the wages, then how is Angelyny to git the first year's books She ain't gunno git them first year's books and that's all there is about it.'

Angelina Park and her cousin, Lucy Wilson, took the examination, and Angelina won a free scholarship while Lucy failed to pass. Marian White offered condolences to Lucy over her failure, telling her that the girls at the normal school had to study 'dreadful,' that they were obliged to sit up half the night making out papers, and ten chances to one in the end were not allowed to graduate. She further consoled Lucy by saying again and again: 'You certainly are better off than Angelina Park in possession of a free scholarship that will never be a bit of use to her.'

Angelina's triumph was hard upon her mentally and physically. Her white face and heavy eyes told of sleepless nights and headaches. She lost all interests in her daily tasks. She no longer had any studying to carry her out of the work-a-day world and her dreams, when she did dream, were wildly unsatisfactory.

Since Lucy Wilson's failure at the examination and since Marian White's tales of the laborious life of the Normal school pupil, the Wilson family began to regard Angelina as more and more foolish. By and by the girls found pleasure in teasing her about her free scholarship and her generous uncle. They wondered in what manner Mr. Park would dress his niece when he boarded her in the city and whether he would allow her to ride to school on the street cars in rainy weather. They suggested to her innumerable ways of possessing herself of the ten dollars for her first year's books, begging her to dry apples and regretting that the cherry season was at an end.

'Angelina,' inquired Marian White, one day, 'how much money have you anyway?'

Angelina's temper was being sorely tried. She was pouring the water from the pitcher into the glasses while the others sat at table, and she didn't answer but kept on pouring the water.

Now Mrs. Wilson required politeness on the part of the orphan she was raising, and she spoke the girl's name sharply, bidding her answer when she was spoken to.

'One dollar and a quarter,' answered Angelina, and as she said it she overflowed Sally's glass.

'O think of it!' cried Miss White, throwing up her hands, tragically, 'she only needs eight dollars and seventy-five cents.'

'Besides several hundred dollars,' said Mrs. Wilson, dryly. 'Angelina, why can't you have some sense about the matter and not look quite as forlorn as if you didn't have a friend in the world. You have a friend in the world who isn't half a mile away, either.'

Notwithtsanding the proximity of her friend, poor Angelina had a good cry in her little room that day after washing the dishes. The world seemed a very cruel place to her. Of course the girls were only in fun and didn't understand how their foolish jests cut her to the heart, and of course her aunt, Mrs. Wilson, considered that she was reasoning with her for her good. When she finished her good cry she looked at that little bit of money, tumbled it out of its box upon the bed and counted it. One dollar and twenty-five cents; it wasn't any use to try to make it more. It was in small change and she had arranged it in different little piles in the hope that it would come out a little better, but it wouldn't; it was one dollar and twenty-five cents and of no earthly use to her. Her cousins' jokes repeated themselves in her mind as she regarded her sole wealth. Seventy-five cents of it represented a great bag of dried apples sold to the market man who regretted that the evaporated fruit had sunk the price of the sun-dried. The rest of the money she had obtained for her dried cherries. She was sorry she had ever dried the apples; she wished the birds had eaten the cherries on the trees.

Lucy and Sally Wilson and Marian White did not know that Angelina had been crying; they imagined she was indulging in a fit of the sulks. The three of them tip-toed up the back stairs and the city girl put her lips to the keyhole of Angelina's door. 'Angelyna,' she whispered, pronouncing the name with a regular twang, 'why don't you sell your quilt?' Lucy and Sally laughed and the three girls ran back down the stairs.

It was wicked to hate people. Angelina told herself that she wouldn't hate her cousins and Marian White, she wouldn't do a wicked thing like that, her heart was full of bitterness. She tumbled her money into its box and put the box in the bureau drawer and went to work at her sewing. Angelina was hemming a kitchen apron.

There are strange occurrences in this

world. One of them took place at this very time over in that other farmhouse wherein the orphan girl should have reigned as a daughter. Old Mr. Park had been rummaging in an upstairs closet when he came suddenly upon a stocking. It is not extraordinary to come upon a stocking in an unused closet, certainly, but this stocking had money in it. Uncle Jonathan took it to the light, emptied the contents upon a bureau and solemnly counted, even as Angelina was counting that dollar and twenty-five cents. This counted up much better; it was thirty-six dollars. It, too, was money earned from dried apples and dried cherries and dried blackberries, a woman's way of earning money when she had no interest in the cows and chickens of the farm. Uncle Jonathan had been good to his sister; no neighbor could say that he hadn't. He had clothed her and fed her during forty years of her life. She had always looked well about her clothes, neat during the week and fine on Sunday. He had wondered why she should have been worried on her death-bed even if she couldn't speak, her life had gone along so evenly. He wondered no longer, she had tried to tell him about the money in the stocking. He had found the money anyway; he was her heir, of course. But suppose she had spoken and bade him give the money to the girl? The prespiration came out on the old man's face and on his hands. Thirty-six dollars would more than buy the books for Angelina Park's first year at the normal school.

Old Mr. Park had enjoyed his own generous talk in the stores and the mill and the blacksmith shop, but all the time he had felt morally certain that Angelina could never get the book money. The book money on the bureau seemed to stare at him. He would have to board Angelina for three years; he would have to buy the books for the other two years; he would have to clothe her and bear all other expenses whatever they might be; he had said so and he was a man of his word. The perspiration on his face and hands turned colder; he could almost hear his sister's voice declaring that the money was for the girl.

'Angelyna,' he said, speaking timidly and beseechingly, 'I've give out that I was willin' to do it, everything but the first year's books; them she was to git herself. It was a bargain, Angelyna. You wasn't to have a finger in the pie.' He tried to laugh cheerfully, but it was a dismal sound that struck the walls of the room. 'I'm gunno give her this money, Angelyna,' he went on, 'though I'm the heir accordin' to the law; I'm gunno give it to her when she needs it most; when she is ready to git married. She's to git the first year's books and I'm to stand all the other expenses; you ain't to have a finger in the pie, Angelyna.'

It was at the moment that Uncle Jonathan repeated, 'You ain't to have a finger in the pie, Angelyna,' that the city girl put her lips to the key-hole and called: 'Angelyny, why don't you sell the quilt?'

The orphan tried to hem her kitchen apron; she did, indeed; but her thoughts kept wandering to the quilt that she had vowed her cousins and Marian White should never see again. At last she cast her sewing aside and got the quilt and threw it across the bed. The light from the window fell full upon it. Why, it was pretty, let the girls say what they pleased; it was beautiful with that light upon it; why, it looked oriental. Angelina walked back from the bed to the limits of the small room and surveyed her possession, a gleam of hope dawning in her truthful eyes. 'Oh!' she said, 'Oh! if it can be done that way. 'Oh!' she said again, 'Oh!' and she thought rapturously of the dollar and twenty-five cents, which was twenty-five cents more money than she actually needed.

The girl from the city had fully expected never, never again to behold Angelina's wonderful quilt, but she did see it, nevertheless, as she strolled through the Art Department at the County Fair, arm in arm with her friends, the Wilson girls. The three of them cried, 'Isn't it beautiful!' and went closer. They did not recognize it in this unexpected place, with the sunlight full upon it. Marian White gave a little laugh. 'Really,' she said, 'I feel ashamed of myself for laughing at poor Angelina's quilt for, do you know, this is a little like it.' Then the Wilson girls said, 'Oh, only just a little,' and the trio moved away.

But some one else saw the quilt and recognized it instantly. He had seen it growing. It was there to draw a prize. Angelyna was smart, the smartest girl alive. The old man in the rough suit and the slouch hat did not have a doubt but that the quilt would draw a prize nor that the prize money would purchase the first year's books; but, strange to say, the man who was 'rich and mortal close' walked away feeling that a load had been lifted from him.

When the girl came to him on the following day and told him that she was ready to accept his generous offer, he looked at her with a dawning affection in his keen little eyes; he even laid his hand for a minute upon her shoulder.

'Yes, I know,' he said, 'I know; it's all right. Angelyna's had a finger in the pie and the thing's bound to go.'

Thus ends the story of Aunt Angelina's quilt.

The Uplifting of Thomas.

(Mrs. O. W. Scott in 'Christian Advocate.')

Pauline Whitney secured her first school through a teacher's agency, and it was four hundred miles from her New England home, among the coal mines of eastern Pennsylvania.

Her parents wondered why Pauline should need to go so far from them, but, with half a dozen younger children growing with alarming rapidity, they agreed, with the acquiescence of necessity, that it was her opportunity. As for Pauline herself, she said: 'I am so glad it is outside my native State. It will give me a chance to see the world.'

It was not until she was riding over that long stretch of desolation which takes in Pokonoke Mountain that she felt her first twinge of homesickness, and this was only increased when she reached the end of her journey in a mining section called Snow Valley, which had little suggestion of whiteness aside from its name.

Pauline's schoolhouse was a building owned by 'the company'—which meant the mining corporation—crudely furnished and well filled with children of several nationalities. At the close of the first day the committee took her to her boarding place.

Mrs. John Evans, in a clean print gown, welcomed her to the small, well-scrubbed house, so small and so plainly furnished that Pauline's heart sank still lower in the depths of homesickness. But there was no mistaking the warmth of Mrs. Evans's greeting.

'I've prayed that the teacher might be a lady—a real lady, you mind, for it's my Thomas that needs the influence. You've got my Gwendolen and Morgan in school, but Thomas, he's in the mine. There's so many ways for him to go wrong—but I do be thinking you'll help save him.'

'But what do you think I can do, Mrs. Evans?' asked Pauline, wonderingly.

'Oh, it's the playing and singing and the manner of you; and—' here Mrs. Evans hesitated, and then added in a low, intense voice, 'You're a Christian, I expect?'

'Yes,' Pauline answered.

'That's what I prayed for. Now, do you see that organ? I bought it by going out washing, to help the boy. You're free to use it, teacher, and Thomas has a good ear.'

This reference to Thomas's 'ear' filled the young girl with vague foreboding, but it was her nature to be obliging, and she was soon 'trying the organ'—embodiment of so many toilsome days—greatly to Mrs. Evans's delight.

Pauline's normal school diploma did not seem to cover the case of Thomas, but she could not help feeling a certain responsibility.

Mothers are very strange beings, always trying to cast up a safe highway for their children's feet. There is nothing too great or good in the world to lay under tribute for them, and of what use was 'the teacher from the East,' unless she could help save Thomas from the evil influences of Snow Valley?

When Mrs. Evans withdrew to prepare tea, Pauline went out into the small, uneven yard, under a scrubby pear tree, to be alone. Everything was new and strange. Off toward the west was an immense black breaker, marking the opening of a coal pit, and just outside was a hill of culm, or waste coal, across whose top a patient little donkey travelled back and forth, drawing cart-loads of culm which were dumped upon the slanting sides, adding constantly to its size. As Pauline watched the curious sight, asking questions of Gwendolen, who had ventured near, the beautiful September day drew near its close, and the miners came swarming across the field which lay between hamlet and mine. As they came nearer Pauline shrank back, for they looked like a company of gnomes.

Gwendolen eyed her curiously.

'Did you never see men comin' from their work? Be you scared, teacher?'

'They're so black,' murmured Pauline.

'That's because they're in it all day—the coal you know. There's Tom.'

A black face in which eyes and teeth looked strangely white, turned toward her with evident curiosity as the boy went around to the rear of the house to wash and change his clothes—an essential part of the miner's home-coming.

'Mother's 'fraid Tom'll learn to go to s'loons,' said Gwendolen, with a sigh; 'she says it'll kill her if he does.'

With coal dust washed off, save that which gave his eyebrows a darker hue than nature had given, Tom showed a fair round face with no marks of genius. Pauline concluded that the boy must be overestimated and that she was most unfortunate in her boarding place. But the

house was neat and quiet, her room was furnished with an evident attempt to make her comfortable, and Mrs. Evans proved an excellent cook; so at the end of a week the young teacher, while still lonely, was becoming somewhat accustomed to her strange surroundings. Tom never went out when she sang and played, and his mother, watching with quiet, anxious eyes, noted the fact gratefully.

The second week was well begun, when a pretty carriage drove to the schoolhouse one afternoon, and two well-dressed women introduced themselves as Miss Harriet and Miss Hannah Whittle, from the village.

'We came up to see you,' Miss Harriet began, 'as soon as we found you were from New England. Strange that anybody should send a teacher from there to such a place as Snow Valley, but we suspect the committee wanted an Eastern teacher. But sister and I thought it must seem so strange—we're from New England, and we know. We came from the same good clean State.'

'Yes,' continued Miss Hannah, 'and boarding with these people, too! We know Mrs. Evans, she's a member of our church, but of course—'

'She wanted me, the committee said,' Pauline explained.

'But we want you now,' Miss Harriet said, 'and we're going to carry you home with us for the night.'

Pauline was overjoyed. 'Gwendolen,' she called, 'tell your mother that I am going with Miss Whittle to-night,' and while the motley crowd of children stood watching, 'teacher' drove away.

'How do you get along with them?' asked Miss Harriett, with a half groan. 'When it becomes my duty to visit this school—as I do once a term—I say to myself, "Parthians, Medes and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia," Can you understand them?'

Pauline laughed. It was so pleasant to see that these new friends understood. 'There are four distinct "brogues,"' she said, 'but I make them all speak English.'

'Very good. That is the first commandment in the school law.'

The village was very different from Snow Valley, and the Whittle home was delightful, indeed, with its soft carpets, well-selected pictures, and fine piano. Pauline drew long, restful breaths, so thankful for the opening of this harbor; for, to tell the truth, the 'world' she had been so eager to see had seemed very wide and cold.

The two sisters, on their part, found their hearts going out to the young girl, and while she was playing and singing to them Miss Harriett whispered, 'Poor little thing, how she enjoys it! Suppose we have her board with us?'

A few more whispered sentences, and then, as Pauline turned from the piano, the proposition came to her.

'O!' she cried, clasping her hands, rapturously. 'Are you sure you can take me? How I would enjoy it!'

'It's a bargain then, and we will have John go after your trunk to-morrow night.'

'I don't know what Mrs. Evans will say.' Pauline's tone was half regretful.

'You needn't feel anxious,' Miss Harriet assured her. 'She must see that Snow Valley is no place for you.'

'But she thinks—the Lord sent me to give Tom music lessons and keep him away from the saloons.' Pauline's face flushed, and she ended with a laugh, for the idea seemed ludicrous when put into words.

'Oh, that stupid boy of hers! Well, of course, she loves him, but she can't expect you to throw aside all social opportunities—for you won't have any up there—for his sake. She ought to move out of Snow Valley if she wants to keep Tom away from saloons,' and Miss Harriet's face showed supreme contempt for saloons as an institution. Her words seemed conclusive, and when Pauline returned to her school the following morning it was with a feeling of elation and fresh courage.

Gwendolen was waiting, and handed her a note as soon as she entered the schoolhouse. Pauline felt instinctively what it contained, and as she reluctantly took it she steeled her heart against Mrs. Evans. As she had suspected, it was an appeal.

'It is my last hope for Thomas,' wrote the mother; 'he thinks you be just right and what you say makes a man of him. He needs lifting up, that's what Thomas needs, and I do know he's worth it. For God's sake, stay with us, where you can do so much good.'

Poor Pauline! She led her school in the bright morning songs and the Lord's Prayer, the classes came and went, but all the while a fierce struggle was going on in her heart. 'He needs lifting up,' seemed written across each page of her schoolbooks. And away back home in 'the clean State' she had promised to 'look up and lift up.' But wasn't it right for her to be comfortable and happy? Couldn't she do her work better if she came from a more refined home? But as if a quiet hand were laid upon her shoulder she felt herself pressed back to the place where she was needed. She sent a note to Miss Harriet that afternoon telling her final decision, and begging to be released from her promise. The two ladies drove up at once to see her, calling her a foolish child, and laughing at her 'New England conscience,' but compromised finally by claiming her Sabbaths. As the Whittle carriage rolled away from Mrs. Evans' door it left Pauline watching the glowing sunset sky behind the big black breaker. Two women with frowzy hair were gossiping across a neighboring fence, and dirty children were playing in the gutter. But from another dingy home came the lofty strains of an oratorio. The Welsh singers were practising for the next great Eisteddfod—the contest of many Welsh choirs for prizes—held every year. High and clear rose the strain, 'The heavens are telling the glory of God.'

It was like the flutter of white wings in the murky atmosphere.

There was no clearly defined plan in Pauline's mind for the mission which had been thrust upon her, but listening to the music there came the conviction that here was the hope for Tom. The work opened that very night. The young teacher began with first lessons, and evening after evening found her at the organ with the boy. Thomas was not brilliant, but he had any amount of persistence.

As he found it was possible for him to learn to sing and play he lost all desire for the wild associates and haunts which had formerly tempted. Sometimes Pauline wearied, for Thomas was like an oil painting, not always beautiful at close range; but then she could fly to her friends, Miss Harriet and Miss Hannah, whose sympathy never failed.

So the year passed, and one day in June, the girl teacher left a weeping crowd of little Irish, Welsh, Scotch and Swedish Americans, and said good-bye to Thomas and his mother.

'I sha'n't give it up, Miss Whitney,' said Tom; 'I'm bound to be somebody.'

Pauline did not return to Snow Valley, but in a position nearer home became a successful teacher. Not long since she received a paper with a marked item relating to Thomas Evans—'the brilliant Welsh singer.' The church where he was an active member and choir director had given him a farewell reception, for Thomas was going abroad to study.

As Pauline read the flattering words concerning him, she recalled the praying mother, the overgrown, unpromising minor boy, and shed a few happy tears as she said to herself, 'What if I had failed to do my part?'

One Woman's Pluck.

The story is told by 'The Youth's Companion.' The heroine is a beautiful southern woman.

Coming north, she met the beau of a New England village, a man who lived on the family fortune and made himself more or less useful as a squire of dames at parties, picnics, and balls. They fell in love with each other and were married.

The man would have been quite willing to continue to share his mother's bounty. The wife would not consent. 'Don't be dependent!' she said. 'Go to work!' The spark of manhood in him flamed at that, and he tried his best; but people who knew him only laughed at his application for employment. 'What can you do?' they asked. He had to admit that he did not know how to do anything well. It seemed to him that he had no excuse for existing at all.

'Then,' said the wife, at length, 'I will get work for you, and you must take what I can get.' The one place that her only acquaintance, a mill-owner, could promise was one that had belonged to a boy who was to be promoted to a better. It was boy's work at boy's wages, but the grown man took it.

Now, the wife showed her quality in another way. She insisted that they must live on her husband's earnings, such as they were, and the pair moved into one room, near the mill. The former belle wore cheap gowns and did her own housework. Probably she, as well as her husband, learned something by the experience. And how he worked! Promotions came to him, for he more than earned them. Now he is one of the proprietors of the mill in which he started as a thirty-five-old 'boy,' and his wife is the idol of his family and the admiration of the village.

This story is vouched for as true in every detail. It should have special interest for girls who long for a 'career,' for it suggests that, if no public way opens, they can have one at home. The world moves only as individuals advance, and the forward impulse is best aided by those who stand nearest.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleasd to supply them, free of cost.

Blythe's Message

('Zion's Herald.')

Ester Vane sat in a sheltered nook a little apart from the groups that were scattered over the beach. There were sharp lines of pain chiseled on the face that was turned toward the ever-restless sea with a look that seemed to sympathize with its unrest. A pair of crutches lying in the sand beside her explained the look of longing in the rebellious gray eyes.

As a gay little group of young people drew near she dropped her eyes frowningly upon her book, but nevertheless her sensitive nerves could feel their curious and pitying glance as they passed by. The frown deepened between her eyes. Why couldn't they leave her one little quiet nook in peace? Why must they mock her with their health and strength, and torture her with their pity and curiosity?

As their voices died away she leaned back in her invalid's chair once more and idly watched the tossing waves. It was almost her one occupation through the long, weary days. She could not interest herself in the light forms of fancy work that she was able to do; even books failed to take her out of herself. She shrank from all contact with the people about her. Every look of pity or of compassion seemed like a blow to her. Often some kindly-disposed person would stop for a few moments' chat with her, but she invariably withdrew within herself and soon chilled the friendly intention.

This day the burden of life had seemed more unbearable than ever. The pathos of the restless longing in the grey eyes grew deeper as they roved over the wide expanse of the sea. Why was she cut off from every pleasure in life, from all usefulness, from all hope or ambition? Ever since she was a child that tragic 'why' had been the cry of her soul.

By-and-bye a slight sound attracted her attention, and she turned toward the intruder with a frown. A merry little face framed in wind-tossed curls looked up into her own. The sight of the two tiny crutches on which the little figure leaned changed the frown on Ester's face into a deeper look of pain. She looked in some wonder at the happy little face. How could that face and those crutches go together? 'Poor child!' she thought, compassionately, 'she doesn't realize yet what a dreary life she has to face, tied to those crutches.'

The little one settled herself comfortably on the sand near to Ester, evidently quite confident of a welcome. At her throat she wore a pin formed of a slender gold wire fashioned into a name. Ester mechanically noticed it. 'Blythe! What a mockery,' she thought, 'to name a crippled child Blythe!'

'Aren't you glad it's such a nice day?' Blythe observed presently.

Ester did not answer for a moment, and the discontented lines deepened about her mouth as her eyes wandered from the bright, glittering, beautiful waves to the happy, merry groups scattered about the shore; but the beauty and the brightness only seemed to mock her own dreariness.

'Aren't you glad?' persisted the small questioner.

'I never was glad.' Ester could not keep the hard ring out of her voice.

The blue eyes searched her face wonderingly, then slowly travelled down to the despised crutches lying in the sand. She reached out a thin little hand and touched the polished wood gently. 'Is that why you aren't glad?' she asked softly.

Ester nodded.

Blythe did not answer at once. A shadow seemed to have fallen over her own bright little face; but it was the shadow of another's pain, and not her own. 'I didn't use to be glad either,—at first, you know,' she said at last.

'But now you are glad?' There was a sharp note of longing in Ester's voice.

Blythe looked up with a happy light in her eyes. 'Oh, yes,' she exclaimed, 'I'm always happy now since I know that God sent me my crutches.'

'God sent you your crutches?' The hard, rebellious look deepened on Ester's face. But Blythe did not notice it this time. She was looking dreamily off over the sea.

'I'll tell you about it,' she said, presently. 'It was awful at first, you know, when I knew that I couldn't ever run and play any more, or anything; and I just screamed and cried all the time. Mamma couldn't do anything with me. I'd just think, think, all the time how awful it was going to be to just go round on crutches all my life, and I'd think of all the lovely things I'd planned to do when I grew up, and now I couldn't ever do any of 'em; and I couldn't go to sleep nights for thinking of it, and I cried and cried all the time. They brought all kinds of nice things for me to eat and pretty things for me to play with, but I wouldn't look at any of them. And the little girls all came to see me, but I wouldn't speak to any of them—I'd just turn my face to the wall and cry on.'

Ester's eyes were wet; she understood the feeling only too well.

'But one day Auntie came,' Blythe went on. 'Auntie and I had always been great chums, you know. She knows everything, I guess; and she always has time to tell you about it, no matter how busy she is. She was away when I got hurt, and didn't return for weeks. I tell you I was glad when she came; for some way nothing ever seemed quite so bad after you'd talked it over with her. She just held me in her arms a long time and let me cry all I wanted to. By-and-by she said she wished to show me something, and she took this pretty pearl out of a little case; then she told me all about the poor oyster that made the pearl—how he had been hurt, maybe by a big grain of sand getting into his shell and irritating him; so he just covered it with this beautiful pearl. And if it hadn't been for his getting hurt, the pearl never would have been made. Then Auntie said that may be my crutches were like that little grain of sand, and God had sent them to me for some beautiful reason. She had this little pearl set in a ring for me, so I'd always remember about it. I never have hated my crutches since then the way I used to; and I'm always wondering what they mean.'

Ester sat looking thoughtfully at the little pearl ring with the old questioning look still in her eyes.

Blythe sprang up in answer to a call, and nodding a merry good-bye, she flitted away on the little crutches. Ester watched the tiny figure until it disappeared from sight, then she turned her eyes back to the sea once more; but the story of the little pearl stayed in her mind, and would not be forgotten.

As the days went by she found herself watching for Blythe's little figure and listening for the click of her tiny crutches. She watched her sweet, unselfish ways. She noticed how every face brightened as she drew near, how the most surly had a smile for her, and the busiest found a moment in which to do a service for her. She seemed to bring out the best in every one with whom she came in contact. 'Dear child, she has indeed transformed her affliction into precious pearl,' she at last admitted.

But it took a long battle even after that before she was at last willing to say, 'Father, I take these crutches from thy hand; I believe thou hast given them to me for a purpose, and thou canst transform them.'

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The Right of a Man to Work—The 'Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
French Foreign Policy—The New York 'Evening Post.'
A Diplomatist's Reminiscences—The 'Westminster Budget.'
Once Our Foe—By Canon H. Scott-Holland, in 'The Commonwealth,' London.
A Clearance Sale—By Sir Edwin Arnold, in the 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
A Lost Leader—The 'Manchester Guardian.'
Lonely Patagonia—The Brooklyn 'Daily Eagle.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

The Art of the Impressionist—By Henry G. Stephens, in the 'Brush and Pencil,' Chicago.
The Mezzotint Mania—By Edward T. Strange, in the 'Morning Post,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

The Consolation of Mediocrity—By A. D. Godley, in the 'Cornhill Magazine.'
Now all the Twigs and Grasses—Bliss Carman, in 'Lippincott's.'
Land-Horses and Sea-Horses—Lucilla, in 'The Spectator,' London.
On Keeping a Diary—'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.
Browning in Venice—Early Recollections by the late Katherine De Kay Bronson, with prefatory note by Henry James—The 'Cornhill Magazine.'
Contentio Veritatis—By Prof. Percy Gardner, in 'The Hibbert Journal,' London
An Essay on Laughter—'The Graphic,' London.
The Best Interpretation—By Claudius Clear, in 'The British Weekly.'

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

The Heavens in February—By Henry Norris Russel, Ph.D., in the 'Scientific American.'
How to Prevent Physical Breakdown—Floyd Crandall, M.D., in the 'World's Work,' New York.
Caissons—By E. S. Valentine, in the 'Strand Magazine.'
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Ceremonial Tea in Japan.

(By a Japanese Missionary in the 'Children's World').

All the better-class girls learn it, and its object is to teach them composure and calmness of mind.

The person who makes the tea sits down facing the *hibachi* (small stove), with all the things she requires round her, and the visitors sit at a fixed distance in front of her.

JAPANESE TEA GIRL.

First the hostess (we will call her) takes up a silk duster, which has to be done in a certain number of movements; this she then unfolds in a particular way, and dusts each article slowly, counting to herself the flips she gives to each, while the visitors sit and look on. Then still measuring every action, she puts a little tea-powder into the cup, ladles some water out of the kettle on to it, and, taking the little whisk, beats it up to a froth, and making a low bow, places the cup in the centre of the group.

The first guest then reaches for the cup and places it in front of number two, making a low bow, but number two requests number one to have some first. (I forgot to say the guests have to eat cakes which are handed round first, and are supposed to make the tea taste more delicious.) Then number one takes the cup up, and standing it on one hand, turns it round very slowly with the other hand, till the opposite side is in front, then bowing, drinks, and every drop must be finished, the breath being drawn in with a noise to take up the froth. Then number one places the cup before her, carefully wipes the place her mouth had touched with some paper, a supply of which the Japanese always carry about with them, turns it round half-way, and replaces it again in the centre.

The hostess takes it, rinses it out, and prepares some more in the same way for the next guest, and so on. There is not a sound during the whole ceremony, no talking being allowed, and the cup goes round two or three times, and everything is so very deliberate that it takes a very long time, and you need patience I can certainly say, though I do not know that the ceremony is conducive to patience.

Johnnie's Lesson.

(Mary Blewton, in the 'St. Louis Christian Advocate.')

It wouldn't have happened if Johnnie had been obedient. He wouldn't have had the croup and been in bed with a bad cold over his birthday—that is, and the dining-room ceiling wouldn't have needed mending. Johnnie never means to be disobedient, but he has only just learned that the only right way to do when some one tells you to do something is to do it at once, and without waiting or delaying.

So when Johnnie's mamma told him to run upstairs and shut the bathroom window during the last spell of bitter cold weather he quite meant to do it. Only—it did seem as if he might wait until he had to wash his hands for dinner. Then, when he was ready to wash his hands, he had forgotten about the bathroom window, and so he washed them at the set-basin in the library closet. When he went to bed he washed them again, but at the set-basin in mamma's room this time. So he never thought of the window he hadn't shut until he was roused from sleep by the sound of a great excitement in the house.

The water pipes in the bathroom had frozen, one of them had burst, and the water was dripping down into the dining-room. Then Johnnie was disobedient again without actually meaning to be.

'Go back to bed at once, Johnnie,' said his mother presently, seeing him standing barefooted and shivering in the hall.

And Johnnie did go after a few moments. Late that night they fetched the doctor to help out a very croupy, sick little boy, and a week later—on Johnnie's birthday—he was still in bed. To make

matters worse, his mother wouldn't even promise him a birthday party when he got better.

'The dining-room ceiling was ruined through your fault, Johnnie,' she told him gravely, 'and to pay for that will take a lot of money. So I don't think papa and I can afford to let you have any birthday party this year. You have cheated yourself out of a party, that is all.'

This made Johnnie feel rather thoughtful, as you may imagine, but something happened a few days later that made him think still more. He was well enough to go down to breakfast by this time, and was looking forward with delight to the expected visit of his pretty young Auntie Belle, who was to be with them soon after breakfast that morning. But Johnnie's father let fall the morning paper suddenly, and the face that he turned to Johnnie's mamma was pale.

'My dear,' he said anxiously, 'the train Belle was coming on was wrecked last night. Another train ran into it. Belle's name is not among the list of injured, but I shall feel troubled until she arrives or until we hear from her.'

Johnnie's mother grew pale in a moment, and there is no knowing what would have happened if a telegram had not been brought in just then by Jennie, the maid, telling them that Auntie Belle was uninjured, and would come on a later train. Then they all fell to talking of the other poor people who had been injured, and Johnnie's papa had a great deal to say about the shame and carelessness of such accidents.

'How did it happen, papa?' asked Johnnie. 'What made it happen last night?'

'Somebody disobeyed orders, Johnnie,' was the quiet answer, 'and was disobedient. And because of disobedience a train was wrecked, a number of people killed, and a great many more injured. It never pays to disobey orders, Johnnie, any more than it does to delay in obeying them.'

Nobody said anything about Johnnie's habit of delaying, but Johnnie couldn't help thinking, and he isn't a victim of that habit any more. He has made up his mind that it is always best to obey orders promptly, and he has not dallied about doing so a single time since the night Auntie Bell came so near getting killed, just because some one else didn't do as he was told.

A King Defeated by His Subjects.

(A Fable.)

(Translated from Gujarati by G.W.B.)

There was once a mighty Rajah or King who had a very clever Diwan or Prime Minister called Chatursingh. On one occasion the Rajah sent for his Prime Minister on a matter of very important business. As soon as Chatursingh received the summons he got ready to go, but just as he was on the point of leaving his house his youngest child began to torment him by crying out for some article of food. Chatursingh had to please the child by giving him what he wanted, but as this detained him for some time he was rather late in making his appearance before the King. He found the King in a very angry mood, and although Chatursingh tried to explain why he had been detained, the Rajah wouldn't accept this as a sufficient excuse, stating that it shouldn't have been such a difficult matter to cure the obstinacy of the child, or to please it by giving it what it wanted, and further that he (Chatursingh) should not have allowed the whim of his child to detain him when the King had ordered his attendance.

The Prime Minister received the King's rebuke in silence; then folding his hands in an entreating attitude he made obeisance before the King, and said, 'If your Majesty will not be angry with me I have a humble request to make to your Majesty.' The King replied, 'You may proceed without fear.' 'Then,' said the Prime Minister, 'with your Majesty's consent, we will suppose you to be a father and I will be the child, and you must satisfy my every whim by granting me all I ask, and fulfilling every desire I take into my head.' 'Agreed,' was the Rajah's reply; 'I am the father, you are my son. Now proceed, and let your whim be what it may I shall soon satisfy it.'

Prime Minister (in imitation of a child): 'Oo——o! I want dudh (milk). Give me some milk.'

Rajah (ordering the milk): 'Here, take this milk.'

Prime Minister: 'Oo——o! I want panee (water). Give me some water.'

Rajah (ordering water): 'Here is the water. Take it.'

Prime Minister: 'Oo——o! I want the milk and the water mixed together. Mix them for me.'

Rajah (mixing them): 'Here are the milk and the water mixed as you desired.'

Prime Minister: 'Oo——o! I want the milk and the water separated again. Give them to me separate.'

Rajah (with a faint attempt at a smile): I can't divide the milk from the water again, but I will give you fresh milk and water. Won't that do?'

Prime Minister (angrily): 'Boo——oo! No, that won't do. I must have the milk and the water separated. Separate them and give them to me.'

The poor Rajah was utterly discomfited, and had to confess at once that he was beaten. He had to admit that it was not possible for him to separate the milk from the water. He admitted also that after all the Prime Minister might have had a difficult task in satisfying the whim of his child. With this admission the Prime Minister expressed himself as being perfectly satisfied, and the business of the State proceeded smoothly ever after.

Moral—'Be not hasty in thy spirit to be angry, for anger resteth in the bosom of fools.

The Little Stars.

('Our Little Dots.')

When kneeling by my bed at night,
My simple prayer to say,
I like to see the little stars
Above me as I pray.

I draw the curtains quite aside,
That I may clearly see
The little twinkling, shining stars
All looking down at me.

They seem to me like angels' eyes
That shine so clear and bright,
And watch me always as I kneel
To say my prayer at night.

They seem to tell me God is there,
Above them in the sky,
And that He listens to the prayers
I offer up on high.

And when at length I lay me down,
And close my eyes in sleep,
I know the little stars are there,
Still tender watch to keep!

—Constance M. Lowe.

LESSON IX.—MARCH 1.

Paul and Apollos

Acts xviii., 24-19-6.

Golden Text.

'If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?' Luke xi., 13.

Home Readings.

Monday, Mar. 2.—Acts xix., 8-20.
Tuesday, Mar. 3.—Luke xi., 14-26.
Wednesday, Mar. 4.—Luke x., 17-24.
Thursday, Mar. 5.—Eph. ii., 1-10.
Friday, Mar 6—Eph. ii., 11-22.
Saturday, Mar. 7.—Mark ix., 38-50.
Sunday, Mar. 8.—Acts v., 12-16.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

24. And a certain Jew named Apollos, born at Alexandria, an eloquent man, and mighty in the scriptures, came to Ephesus.

25. This man was instructed in the way of the Lord; and being fervent in the spirit, he spake and taught diligently the things of the Lord, knowing only the baptism of John.

26. And he began to speak boldly in the synagogue: whom when Aquila and Priscilla had heard, they took him unto them, and expounded unto him the way of God more perfectly.

27. And when he was disposed to pass into Achaia, the brethren wrote, exhorting the disciples to receive him: who, when he was come, helped them much which had believed through grace.

28. For he mightily convinced the Jews, and that publicly, showing by the scriptures that Jesus was Christ.

1. And it came to pass, that, while Apollos was at Corinth, Paul having passed through the upper coasts came to Ephesus: and finding certain disciples,

2. He said unto them, Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed? And they said unto him, We have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost.

3. And he said unto them, Unto what then were ye baptized? And they said, Unto John's baptism.

4. Then said Paul, John verily baptized with the baptism of repentance, saying unto the people, that they should believe on him which should come after him, that is, on Christ Jesus.

5. When they heard this, they were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus.

6. And when Paul had laid his hands upon them, the Holy Ghost came on them; and they spake with tongues, and prophesied.

As we have already seen, after Paul left Corinth he came to Ephesus, and from there he went to Jerusalem, then to Antioch, and afterward made a visit to the churches in Galatia and Phrygia. His return from Corinth closed his second missionary journey, and his third began with his setting out from Antioch to visit the brethren in Phrygia and Galatia, which were in Asia Minor. It is hardly possible to have a correct and clear idea of Paul's travels without the aid of a map. The exact nature of Paul's vow mentioned in Acts xviii., 18, is not known, though it is believed that it could only be fulfilled by his going to Jerusalem. Cenchrea was the seaport of Corinth, about nine miles from that city. Paul took with him his two friends, Aquila and Priscilla, but left them at Ephesus, to which place he promised to return, if it were the will of God, after he had gone on to Jerusalem. Antioch, from which city Paul started upon his third journey, was Antioch in Syria, not the Antioch in Asia Minor, a place also visited by Paul. Our present lesson deals with what occurred in Ephesus during Paul's absence, and with the way in which Paul took up the work at Ephesus when he returned. The time of this lesson was 52 or 53 A.D. Claudius Caesar was Emperor. Ephesus was the capital of the Roman province in Asia, and was especially famous for its great temple of Diana.

In Paul's absence from Ephesus an eloquent Alexandrian Jew comes to Ephesus. Although his knowledge is imperfect, he teaches diligently. Aquila and Priscilla instruct him more fully. He leaves for Achaia, the province of which Corinth was the capital. Paul returns to Ephesus and a 'new Pentecost' results among the believers there. We know nothing of this man Apollos, except what is told us here. He seems to have been one of those earnest, devout souls that hunger after the truth and eagerly receive it when it is offered to them. Not only so, but Apollos was an eloquent man, one naturally gifted to address large bodies of men. From these qualifications he would naturally be regarded as a great acquisition by the early church. When he went to Corinth he would appear to have become a leader in the church there, both from verse 28 and from Paul's reference to him in the first epistle to the Corinthians. Alexandria, from which city Apollos came, was a large city of Egypt, founded by Alexander the Great. It was a centre of learning, and especial attention was given to the study of languages, and the ability to speak and write correctly and forcibly. It was here that the Old Testament was translated into Greek, giving us the version we commonly know as the Septuagint. It would seem natural that from such a centre of language study an eloquent man should come. The Revised Version says a 'learned' man, the word being capable of both translations. The idea is that he was gifted for speaking.

We find that he was also 'mighty in the Scriptures,' a thorough student of the Old Testament. Not only so, but, as verse 25 says, he was 'instructed in the way of the Lord.' He had already a knowledge of the Messiah, who was predicted in the Old Testament, and also knew something of Christ's life, for this had been widely spread throughout that part of the world, as well as foretold. Still, he had only known John's baptism, that is, the baptism of repentance. He taught in the synagogue at Ephesus, and was heard by Paul's two devout friends, Aquila and Priscilla. They perceived that the knowledge of Apollos concerning Christ was very incomplete, and so instructed him, as they had learned from Paul. Apollos was soon led to go over to Corinth. The brethren at Ephesus evidently held him in high esteem for they gave him a letter asking the brethren at Corinth to receive him favorably. This is a very early case of giving a 'church letter.'

Apollos, when he reached Corinth, 'helped them much which had believed through grace.' The words 'through grace' can be taken to modify the word 'helped,' that is, Apollos through grace helped them much which had believed, and this appears to be the better meaning. 'He mightily convinced the Jews.' The Greek word translated, 'mightily convinced,' is a very strong term, and is translated in the revised version, 'powerfully confuted.' The idea is that Apollos argued thoroughly and with great force against the Jews concerning Jesus, proving from the Scriptures that He was Christ. Paul had planted the seed, and, though the ground seemed barren, another laborer was sent to carry on the work. Paul says, 'Who then is Paul, and who is Apollos, but ministers by whom ye believed, even as the Lord gave to every man? I have planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase.'

From the few verses which deal with this mighty Gospel preacher we find further evidence that learning is not to be despised in the work of spreading the Gospel. Then, with all his learning, he was willing to have his knowledge of Christ enlarged by two humble but spiritual members of his congregation at Ephesus. Notice how God prepared for the work Apollos was to do. He had Aquila and Priscilla at Ephesus just at the right time, and led them to teach Apollos more fully the way of God, so that he might be a well equipped Christian preacher. God uses lowly people often to advance His cause. Then we notice that God does not destroy the individuality of those who yield to him, but uses the gifts of various men to the best advantage. Paul, great as he was, did not seem to make much headway among the Jews of Corinth, but Apollos 'mightily convinced' them. Paul's great work was among the Gentiles. You may not be so well adapted to one kind of work as to another, but there is a place for you somewhere.

About the time that Apollos was in Ephesus, preaching and enlarging his knowledge of the Gospel, Paul was in Antioch and in various places in Asia Minor, strengthening the churches there. The upper coasts of Acts xix., 1, refer to highlands of the interior. After this he comes back to Ephesus, but Apollos had already left for Corinth. Paul at once begins his work here at Ephesus. He finds 'certain disciples,' who were about twelve in number, as we learn from verse 7. It is not known how these 'disciples' came to be in Ephesus. The apostle evidently perceives a spiritual lack in them and at once asks, if they have received the Holy Ghost? The revised version gives us the more correct form of his question, 'Did ye receive the Holy Ghost when ye believed?' The answer as given in the revised version, seems also to be better than that of the King James version, 'Nay, we did not so much as hear whether the Holy Ghost was given.' If they were familiar with the Old Testament they must have heard of the Holy Spirit; John the Baptist also foretold that Jesus would baptize with the Spirit. These disciples had not heard of the fulfillment of this promise, they did not know of Pentecost.

Further questioning revealed the fact that they had received only John's baptism, the baptism of repentance, of hope in a Messiah to come. They had not yet been baptized in the name of a Messiah whose earthly work had been accomplished, who had already come and had died in their behalf. Paul explains to them what John's baptism was. Then they were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus.

'When Paul had laid his hands upon them, the Holy Ghost came on them.' A little while before this they had not known that the Holy Spirit had yet been given; now they themselves are partakers in it. These disciples at Ephesus, before the return of Paul, have been likened to one who has lived a life of comparative poverty, when riches have been all the while within easy reach, had he only known it. What spiritual light and life, peace and happiness, wisdom and power enter into the soul's experience with the full acceptance of Christ, full consecration to Him, and the outpouring of the Spirit! This is a good lesson with which to take up the study of the gift of the Spirit. The church seems to be awakening to the importance of the subject, and there is much being written and spoken upon it.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Mar. 1.—Topic—Lessons from the Sermon on the Mount: what Christ teaches about blessedness. Matt. v., 1-12.

Junior C. E. Topic

LESSONS FROM LIONS.

Monday, Mar. 2.—Satan a lion. 1 Peter v.,8.

Tuesday, Mar. 3.—We may conquer. Ps. lxi., 13.

Wednesday, Mar. 4.—Saved from lions. Dan. vi., 22.

Thursday, Mar. 5.—Faith and lions. Heb. xi., 33.

Friday, Mar. 6.—Delivered from lions. 2 Tim. iv., 17.

Saturday, Mar. 7.—No lions in heaven. Isa. xxxv., 9.

Sunday, Mar 8.—Topic—Bible lessons from lions. Ps. xxxiv., 10; Prov. xxviii. 1.

Willie's Sum.

('Temperance Record.')

There was one thing about Willie Collins that was easy to recognize and pleasant to admire—he possessed brains. Some boys have features worthy of admiration, some have muscles of which they are justly proud, only a few can demand attention because they show that they have brains, and know how to exercise them. The boy with brains listens, thinks, compares, acts. This was just what Willie Collins did.

He had been listening to a most interesting Band of Hope address by a speaker who knew how to attract the eyes, the ears and the intellect of children. The subject was 'Money, how to get it, how to spend it, and how to save it.'

Willie put his hands into his empty pockets, looked at his patched trousers, and almost shed tears over the boots from which his toes were looking. Then he began to think, and this led him to say to himself, 'Money, indeed, what's the good of it if you don't spend it properly? Wait till I get some, I'll always get four farthings' worth for every penny I spend.'

This was not all. Willie's father was a bricklayer, and when the weather was fine and there was plenty of work, he could earn his two pounds a week. Willie knew all this, and he often wondered why his family was so poor, while Ted Wilson's parents had plenty of money in the bank, and could always afford a holiday in the country.

'It must be the beer,' said Willie. 'It can't be anything else, for we have very little food or clothes that we could do without.'

He did not like to tell his father what he had heard at the Band of Hope about the waste of money through buying beer; but he thought of a little experiment that turned out very successfully, and might be imitated by others.

Willie had a large slate on which he sometimes worked out his sums. On this he wrote two sentences in a large round hand easily read. Here they are:

A pint of beer costs twopence and does harm.

A pint of water costs nothing and does good.

'I'll just put this slate where father will see it when he comes home,' he said, 'and perhaps what I have written will make him think.'

Then Willie went off to bed.

Mr. Collins was not a drunkard, but he and some other members of his family spent a good sum of money weekly in beer. Willie knew this; he was convinced that money so spent was wasted, and was certain that if instead it went to buy good food and clothes they would all be happier.

Mr. Collins greatly admired Willie's love of learning and often looked at his homework with considerable pride; as usual he took up the slate to see what his little son had been doing.

'Well, I'm bothered,' he exclaimed, 'this is a rum sort of home-lesson, I must see about this to-morrow.'

The next morning Willie came downstairs wondering how this experiment had worked.

'What's all this?' shouted Mr. Collins, pretending to be very angry, and pointing to the slate. 'I want to know what all this means about beer and water.'

Willie became a little nervous, his tongue somehow became tied up in a knot and he almost stammered as he said:

'Please, father, we had a lesson about money.'

'Well, and suppose you did, you don't mean to say that I waste money in beer, do you?'

'Well, father, we heard that if our fathers didn't drink beer we should all be much better off.'

'Nonsense, boy, nonsense, that's all very well when a man is a drunkard, but a sober man like myself spends very little.'

By this time Willie's courage had all come back to him; his brains were very active, and he could see that here was his opportunity. If once lost he might never get it again.

'Excuse me, father, but can you spare a minute or two while I work out a little sum?'

'Very well, go on. I've only got five minutes to spare, it's a wet morning, or I shouldn't be here.'

Willie turned over the slate and said, 'Now, father, please tell me how much you spend in beer a day?'

'Well, I have about three pints—that's sixpense.' Willie put it down, 'Father, 6d.'

'And mother?' said Willie.

'Well, say three half pints for her, that's threepence.'

'And Jack, what shall I put down for him, dad?'

'Say threepence for him.'

Willie reckoned it up and said, 'Well, father, our little family spends a shilling a day in beer, and it's all waste, for it is no good as a food, and it can't quench thirst.'

'Well, and suppose we do, you can't buy suits of clothes for a shilling.'

'But, dad,' answered Willie, 'three hundred and sixty-five shilings make eighteen pounds five shillings, and you could buy several suits of clothes with that, and have a holiday into the bargain.'

'It's all wrong, my lad, I never had eighteen pounds in my life.'

'No, dad, and you never will have if you spend so much in beer. The teacher said it is always difficult to understand how large a sum is spent in a year when little sums are spent daily.'

Willie's experiment was very successful. The money that would have been spent in beer is now partly spent in clothes, and partly put into the bank. The children are full of hope that next summer they will have a seaside holiday.

Soldiers of the White Ribbon Army.

Tune: 'Numberless as the Sands.'

Key: A Flat.

O the youth of our land are in danger,
From a foe more destructive than war;
Who will come to our help and protection,
Who will help us to banish the bar?

Chorus.

We're soldiers of the White Ribbon Army,
And old King Alcohol is our foe,
But, when we older grow,
We the Drink will overthrow,
We're soldiers of the White Ribbon Army.

We have seen many poor little children
Whose homes are so wretched and bare,
And we know it is Drink that has robbed them
Of the comforts which they ought to share.

Cho.

O the army of drunkards is marching
To a doom that no tongue can declare;
Some we love may be numbered among them;
We must save them from death and despair.

Cho.

[Composed for and dedicated to the White Ribbon Army, by R. L. Werry, Montreal, 1903.]

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Feb., 1903, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Correspondence

Wanstead, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I promised you when I renewed my subscription that I would write to you and tell you a little about our oil country around Petrolea. My papa lives eight miles from that town, and as we drive in, we see a perfect forest of derricks, hundreds of them, one over each well. Sometimes those are in straight rows, and are a pretty sight. They are connected by jerking rods, and often a hundred and fifty are pumped by one engine. When the oil is pumped into tanks it is taken in underground pipes to the refinery. There is only one refinery in Petrolea now; the smaller ones have been bought out by 'The Imperial,' a large company which have their refinery in Sarnia. The oil is taken there in pipes, and is refined. Besides making the oil that we burn, they make machine, benzine, fuel oils, tar, paraffine wax and candles. I like the 'Messenger' very much. My mamma used to take it when she was a little girl. I am nine years old, and am in the fourth reader, and as I am taking music lessons too I am a busy girl.

ELSIE N.

(A very nice little letter, Elsie.—Ed.)

Fortune Bay, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—This is the first letter I have written to the 'Messenger.' I am eleven years of age, and my birthday is on May 24th. We live on a farm. I have three pets, one cat and two dogs. I go to day school; our teacher's name is Mr. Roberts. We live a mile from school. Sister takes the 'Messenger,' and I like it very much, especially the correspondence. We go to the Presbyterian church. We have no Sunday-school here now.

MARY A. J.

Peterboro', Ont.

Dear Editor,—Having seen so many letters in the 'Messenger' written from so many little girls about my age, and not seeing any from Peterborough, I thought I would write one. I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school, and enjoy reading it very much. I attend the North Ward school regularly. I was ten years old on the sixteenth of November. I am in the third reader, and my teacher's name is Mr. Walkey, and I am very fond of grammar, arithmetic and spelling. I have three sisters and one brother, and am the second youngest of the family. We live a little out of the town, and we keep a cow and also a dear little calf. I have a beautiful doll, which I received at Christmas. I am very fond of reading, and have read a number of interesting books. We have two gray kittens, and I like to pet them, they seem so knowing. We had a Christmas tree, and it was beautifully decorated.

HAZEL B.

Dudskeany, Alt.

Dear Editor,—I go to school and to Sunday-school. We have six stores in this town and a blacksmith. We have lots of fun around here skating. I have a dog; his name is Cooly. I wonder if any other person's birthday is on the same day as mine, which is the twenty-second of April.

W. M. R.

Caledonia, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have seen so many interesting letters in the 'Messenger,' I thought I would write one. I have nothing to tell that will interest you, except about our farm. We own one hundred and fifty acres of land. Nearly every field in our farm has got a name. I will now tell you some of the names. 'The Piper hill,' this field is called that because it is on a little hill. 'Elm Grove,' 'Wefit Wood,' 'Jim's field.' This field was called after a man by the name of 'Jim,' who helped grandfather to clear the field 'Swartle,' 'Kill barn hill,' 'Sawtre Howe,' and 'Crawford,' 'Taffet's' and 'Hawkhurst.' A man by the name of Mr. Peper owned a small farm back of us, and he had it for sale, so father bought it. It has always been called 'Peper's' since. I

live about four miles from Caledonia. It has a post-office, four stores, two butcher-shops and a number of private houses. I live about three-quarters of a mile from school, so I go regularly. We have a very pretty school-house and school-yard. In front of the school there is a picket fence, painted. The other three sides are wire. Inside the fence, around the school-yard, there are very green trees, which look very pretty.

GLADYS H. (age 11).

(Very neat.—Ed.)

Petitcodiac, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Northern Messenger' at the Baptist Sunday-school, and I like it very much. I like the 'Little Folks' and 'Correspondence' pages the best. On seeing the letters from boys and girls of different places, and not seeing one from here, I thought I would write. There was a girl (aged 12) from Langside, Ont., who signed her name 'Puss,' and wanted the scholars to guess her real name. I thought perhaps it was 'Kitty.' But perhaps I am mistaken. Perhaps when she writes again she will tell me if I was right. I also tried to guess the riddle sent by 'Annie Irwin, Relezney, Ont.' I thought it was 'the whale that swallowed Jonah.' I would like her to write to the 'Messenger' and tell me if I guessed it right. I signed the Temperance Pledge in the 'Messenger.' Next time, I will try to write more interestingly.

ELVA S. (age 13).

Back Bay, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I have begun to take the 'Northern Messenger,' and like reading the correspondence so well that I thought I would write one too. Our school open-on Jan. 6th, and our teacher's name is Mr. Reed. We live close to the water; the steamboat runs here three times a week; I have a large doll, she was two years old Christmas. 'Maud S., Union Grove, Ont.,' said she would like to know if any other little girl had a birthday on the same day as her's, July 22nd. My sister has. My birthday is Jan 22nd.

WINNIE M. C. (age 12).

(You write neatly and prettily, Winnie.—Ed.)

Elmhedge, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would enjoy writing to your paper. I go to St. John's Sunday-school, and we get the 'Messenger.' I like to read it; I think it is a nice paper to read. I live on a farm. We work three hundred and fifty acres. I have seven brothers and no sisters, and for pets I have a little kitten and two dolls. I call my kitten Lioness. I am writing with my brother, whose name is Ernest. I go to school in the summer-time, but I cannot go in the winter, as it is too cold for me. I was twelve years old on Dec. 25th. I wonder if any other little girl's birthday is the same. Good-bye, Editor.

MAY L. B. N.

Harrisville, N.B.

Dear Editor,—My sister took the 'Messenger' twenty years ago. We live about three miles from Moncton. I go to Sunday-school, and I like my teacher ever so much. Her name is Miss Hopper. I live on a farm. I go to school and am in the seventh grade. Our last teacher's name was Miss MacNaughton. I am going to send a few names of friends that I know would like a sample copy of the 'Messenger.'

JOSIE M. V.

(Neatly written.—Ed.)

Thedford, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My father is a farmer, and we live about a mile from the village of Thedford. I have two sisters, one is ten years old and the other is two months old. I was born in Manitoba, Portage La Prairie, close to the Assiniboia river, and we came to Ontario when I was two years old. I had a great grandmother who was born in Ireland, and came to this country when about sixty years of age. She died two years ago, living to the age of one hundred and three. My grandfather, who lived quite near us, went to Kelowna, B.C., a few months ago to live. I go to school every day, and walk about three miles. My sister and I take music lessons every week.

MELROSE B. R. (age 13).

(Neatly written.—Ed.)

Siruvallier, Madras, India.

Dear Editor,—As I have not seen any letters from here, I thought I would write and tell you how much I enjoy reading the 'Messenger,' which I receive every Sunday from some unknown and kind friend, whom I sincerely thank for the same. I think the 'Messenger' a very lively and interesting paper, but I like the correspondence page. I am the eldest of a family of seven children, two brothers and five sisters. I attend the Presbyterian Convent College, B. Town, Madras, but I belong to the Church of England.

JANE A. P.

(We are glad to hear from India.—Ed.)

Vancouver, B.C.

Dear Editor.—As I have never written to the 'Messenger,' I thought I would write. I attend school, and am in the fourth book. I also attend Sunday-school every Sunday, and get the 'Northern Messenger.' Vancouver's population is about thirty thousand. We have a fine zoological garden, containing many rare specimens of beasts, birds, etc., from many parts of the globe. The drive around the park is exceptionally grand, the distance is about nine miles over a magnificent road, constructed of sea-shells, which is always in good condition, neither muddy nor dusty. The road is through the gigantic Douglas firs for which this province is noted; some of these trees measure over fifty feet in circumference. At the entrance to the park is our bathing beach, the Cony Island of the West. The view of the Cascade mountains to the north is extremely beautiful, they remain snow-capped the year round, and look very refreshing on a hot day in August, but just at present (in January) they have the opposite effect. To the west we have the broad Pacific, with Vancouver Island; looming up faintly across the Gulf of Georgia, with perhaps one of the Empresses, we can see the Royal Mail steamers on their long voyage to the Orient. I think Vancouver is destined to become a very large city, and in time will rival the Queen City because of the latter's lack of seaboard. I am very proud of our city and its rapid growth.

LIBBIE H. (age 13).

(Very nicely written and interesting.—Ed.)

Holland's Mills, Que.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for the past four years, and enjoy reading the children's letters. I live in Portland, five miles north-west of the Dulievre river, and thirty-five miles north of the city of Ottawa, by a rough and hilly road at the foot of the mountain where the High Rock phosphate mine was worked some years ago, about five miles from the famous high falls, which are about 180 feet in height. It is a beautiful sight to see the water foaming over the rocks. We often have excursions there in summer-time, and I love to go. Many people who have seen it say it is as beautiful a sight as the Niagara Falls. The country around here is very hilly and mountainous, but still very beautiful and healthy. So many people from the city come here to spend the summer. I attend the Presbyterian church and Sunday-school every Sunday. Our superintendent's name is Mr. Mason, and we all like him very much and feel sorry that he is going to leave us. I wonder if any little girl's birthday who takes this 'Messenger' is on the same day as mine, the 12th of July.

JESSIE E. R. (age 12).

(A nice little letter.—Ed.)

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send five new subscribers to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each and secure a nice Bagster Bible, suitable for Sabbath School or Day School. Bound in black pebbled cloth, with red edges, measures seven inches by five and three-quarter inches when open.

HOUSEHOLD.

Food or Poison.

(Pres. Review.)

In this matter of educating the youth there is much to be done that our schools do not accomplish, and that our homes are not doing. The immortal 'Topsy' condensed her development in mental and moral strength into the epigram, ''Spect I growed!' That describes the moral growth of most of the youths and maidens we meet. With moral faculties practically starved they go out early into life, and these faculties greedily feed upon what is first offered them. Thus we see the boys gathered about the stationers' windows learning their A. B. C. in morals from the vile pictures displayed there. Half a dozen of them club together and buy a book, whose every page reeks with filth. Ill weeds grow fast, and six months in this school is sufficient to make the rest of life one long painful effort to put out what should never have been allowed to enter.

Ask any man of middle life what has hindered him most in life, and what he has to fight most strenuously now, and he will tell you of one day in his boyhood when the poison that has embittered the rest of his life was introduced. Perhaps it was the description of some sinful act, perhaps it was the sipping of what remained in the glass set down by one he loved, perhaps it was a page of a book that his immature mind could not receive, but the poison entered, and ever since has been doing its deadly work. Had there been such care exercised over the life of that child that the thousand and one enquiries were satisfied, that even its insatiate craving had been met by food calculated to give strength, there would have been no room for the entrance of the poison. How much more would that life have meant, how much more would it not have accomplished.

To satisfy with food that will strengthen is infinitely better than to forbid to take that food which looks pleasant and tastes good, but that brings only bitterness after it has been eaten. Is it not strange that we will not learn this lesson, though it was one of the first taught to our race? The prohibition failed then, in the best possible circumstances for its success and it is doomed to failure ever since. Meet evil with good, but forestall the approach of the evil, and garrison the life with the good. Let it be the place of the parent, to whose care God has entrusted the little life, to give time to this supreme duty, and so fortify the mind of the child that when, at length, the lists must be entered and life's battle taken up by that child, whether in childhood still, or grown to manhood or womanhood, there is not the handicap of a moral nature that has never been developed. Let each go out from the home well equipped, with the moral life well developed by exercise, and every part of the moral life guarded with a clean, straight thought.

The Blessing of a Couch.

('The Family Doctor.')

A room without a couch of some sort is only half finished. Life is full of ups and downs, and all that saves the sanity of the mentally jaded and physically exhausted fortune fighter, is the periodical good cry and momentary loss of consciousness on the upstairs lounge or the old sofa in the sitting room. There are times when so many of the things that distract us could be straightened out and the way made clear if only one had a long, comfortable couch on whose soft bosom he could throw himself, boots and brains, stretch his weary frame, unmindful of tidies and tapestry, close his tired eyes, relax the tension of his muscles, and give his harassed mind a chance. Ten minutes of this soothing narcotic, when the head throbs, the soul yearns for endless, dreamless rest, would make the vision clear, the nerves steady, the heart light, and the star of hope shine again. There

is no doubt that the longing to die is mistaken for the need of a nap. Business men and working women want regular and systematic doses of dozing, and, after a mossy bank in the shade of an old oak that succeeding seasons have converted into a tenement of song birds, there is nothing that can approach a big sofa, or a low, long couch placed in a corner, where tired nature can turn her face to the wall and sleep and doze away the gloom.

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USE **BABY'S OWN** SOAP

Write for Announcement of the **Northern Business College**, Owen Sound, Ontario, the leading College in the Dominion. C.A. Fleming, Principal

GOOD CANVASSERS WANTED

TO PUSH A DOLLAR PROPOSITION ON A

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IT APPEALS STRONGLY TO THE BEST PEOPLE IN EVERY LOCALITY.

No experience necessary. No deposit required School teachers succeed well. Must furnish minister's recommendation.

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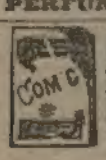
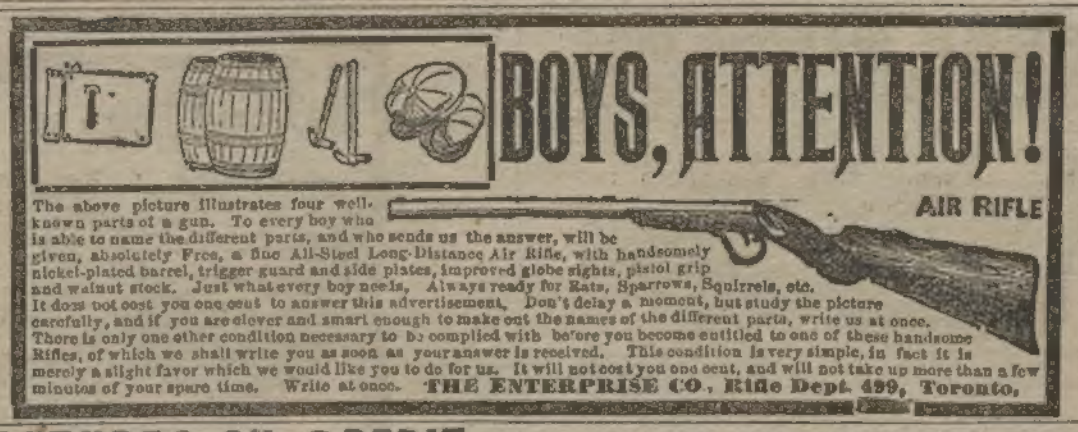
P. O. Box 2234, Montreal.

TALKING DOLL FREE

Girls! Would you like to own the most wonderful doll ever invented, a doll as sweet and pretty as a picture, that can talk and cry as naturally as any living baby? If you would like to own this life-like wonder you can get her without spending one cent. We will present you with one absolutely free if you will sell for us at **10c.** each only 15 large, beautiful packages of delicious perfume in 6 odors, Lily of the Valley, Carnation, Lilac, Rose, Violet and Heliotrope. A single package if placed in a handerchief box or bureau drawer will impart a delicious fragrance to the entire contents. **Everybody buys it.** A 50c. certificate free with each package. Dolly has golden curls, blue eyes, pearly teeth, rosy cheeks, in fact, she is a perfect beauty, and talks, says "Papa" and "Mamma" as plainly as you can. She is the crowning wonder of the doll maker's art. With each we send a quantity of heavy beautiful silk, pretty ribbon and fine lace sufficient to make the hat and dress shown in the picture. Girls, you can get all this free. Send us a **post card** to-day and we will send the perfume postpaid. You can easily sell it all in a few minutes. Mary Hodgins, Highland Grove, Ont., said: "I sold all the Perfume in a few minutes. Everybody thinks it is lovely." **THE ROSE PERFUME CO., DEPT. 412 TORONTO.**



110 for 10 cents. This book contains one hundred and ten of the best humorous recitations, embracing the Negro, Yankee, Irish, and Dutch dialects, both in prose and verse, as well as humorous compositions of every kind and character. Sent postpaid for 10c. Johnston & Co., Box 401 Toronto.



The above picture illustrates four well-known parts of a gun. To every boy who is able to name the different parts, and who sends us the answer, will be given, absolutely Free, a fine All-Steel Long-Distance Air Rifle, with handsomely nickel-plated barrel, trigger guard and side plates, improved globe sights, pistol grip and walnut stock. Just what every boy needs. Always ready for Rats, Sparrows, Squirrels, etc. It does not cost you one cent to answer this advertisement. Don't delay a moment, but study the picture carefully, and if you are clever and smart enough to make out the names of the different parts, write us at once. There is only one other condition necessary to be complied with before you become entitled to one of these handsome Rifles, of which we shall write you as soon as your answer is received. This condition is very simple, in fact it is merely a slight favor which we would like you to do for us. It will not cost you one cent, and will not take up more than a few minutes of your spare time. Write at once. **THE ENTERPRISE CO., Rifle Dept. 439, Toronto.**

PICTURES ON CREDIT

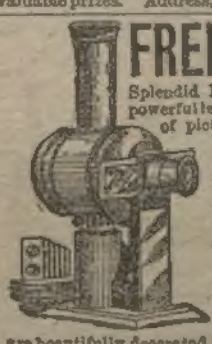
—NO SECURITY ASKED—

We send you 15 large beautifully colored pictures, each 16x22 inches named "The Angels Whisper," "The Family Record," "Christ before Pilot," "Rock of Ages." These pictures are handsomely finished in 12 colors and could not be bought for less than 50c. each in any store. You sell them for 25c. each, send us the money, and for your trouble we send you a handsome gold-finished **Double Hunting Case** Watch, lady's or Gent's size, richly and elaborately engraved in solid gold designs, with stem wind and set, accurately adjusted reliable imported movement. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail you the pictures postpaid, also our large illustrated Premium List showing dozens of other valuable prizes. Address, Home Art Co., Dept. 408 Toronto.

MAGIC STEREOSCOPE FREE

BOYS and GIRLS! Here is something new. Nothing less than a Magic Lantern that works without a light. All you have to do to see the views is to look through the lens, when a beautiful scene will spread out before you, revealing all the delicate effects of color found in real living scenery. With each Stereoscope we send an assortment of views on glass, which will afford you and your friends endless amusement. We give this splendid Stereoscope free for selling only 6 large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds, at 10c. each.** The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors, and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties, in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** A 50c. certificate free with each package. M. Sproules, Mono Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the Seeds sold. They went like wildfire." Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. **THE PRIZE SEED CO., DEPT 400 TORONTO, ONTARIO**

FREE LANTERN AND ENGINE



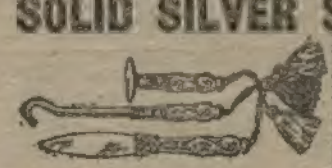
Splendid Magic Lantern with powerful lenses showing dozens of pictures in colors and Real Steam Engine with brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and fly wheel, and Russian iron burner compartment, **given** for selling only **1 doz.** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors, and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties, of every imaginable color. **You can sell 3 and 4 packages in every house.** A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the Seeds postpaid. When sold return $1.20 and we will forward immediately **both** the **Lantern** and **Engine.** **The DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT 459 TORONTO, ONT.**

ANYONE CAN PLAY THE WONDERFUL AUTOHARP WITH 15 MINUTES PRACTICE

FREE SWEET TONED AUTOHARP

Made of selected California Redwood, handsomely polished with 23 silver strings and 3 bars producing 8 chords, for selling only 15 large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each.** The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors and each contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. H. Smith, Sydney, C.B., said: "I sold all the Seeds in five minutes." A 50c. Certificate free with each package. Write us a **Post Card** to-day, and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. Sell them return $1.50 and we will immediately forward your Autoharp with music rack, pick, full instructor and 16 selections. Write at once. **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 407 TORONTO**

SOLID SILVER SET FREE



Ladies! a beautiful Combination Toilet and Desk Set: Paper Cutter with pearl blade, Glove Buttoner and Seal with any letter engraved so that you can stamp your initial on the wax used in sealing your letter. All three have **Solid Sterling Silver Handles** beautifully chased and engraved, each having a silk cord and tassel attached. This is a very elegant and costly set, but you can get it absolutely free by selling only **8** of our **Canadian Home Cook Books at 15c. each. Every lady buys one.** A 50c. certificate free with each book. Laura Barry, Blackville, N.B., said: "Your Cook Books went like hot cakes. Everyone was pleased with them." Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send the Cook Books postpaid. **The Home Specialty Co., Dept. 477, Toronto.**

FREE Beautiful Gold Finished **Opal Ring** and **Gold** or **Silver** composition full size Curb Chain **Bracelet given free** for selling at **15c.** each only **7 Canadian Home Cook Books.** These Books are nicely printed, beautifully bound, and each contains **739** Choice Recipes. **Every housekeeper buys one.** A 50c. Certificate free with each Book. Send us a **Post Card** to-day and we will mail the Cook Books postpaid. Sell them, return $1.05, and we will forward **both** the **Opal Ring and Bracelet.** Don't miss this chance but write at once. **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 451, Toronto, Ont**

FREE AUTOMOBILE.

A wonderful invention. An exact model of a real Electric Carriage. Runs itself for a long distance in either a straight line or circle, made entirely of metal, beautifully painted and ornamented. **Given** for selling only 6 large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds, at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in **12** colors and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** A. E. Logan, St. Johns, N.B., said: "The seeds went like hot cakes." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. **Dominion Seed Co., Dept 401 Toronto.**

Boys, don't miss this Chance.

FREE ENAMELLED WATCH for men or boys. Handsome Silver Nickel case on which a Deer is elegantly enamelled, the rich brown fur and delicate coloring making the whole design absolutely true to life. A very beautiful and a thoroughly reliable watch that answers every purpose of the most expensive timepiece, given for selling only **1½** doz. large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. Harry Smith, Sydney, C.B., said: "I sold all the Seeds in five minutes. They went like wildfire." A 50c. Certificate free with each package. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will mail the Packages postpaid. Don't delay. Wm. Frankoski, Shoal Lake, Man., says: "I received the Watch and am more than delighted with it. It is a splendid timekeeper and also a handsome watch." Address: **The Dominion Seed Co., Dept 464 Toronto.**

FREE

IT WILL MAKE A CAT LAUGH

Genuine Columbia Phonograph

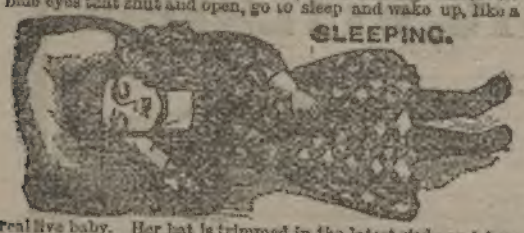
Given for selling only **2 doz.** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** Wm. McKeil, Pugwash, N.S., said: "I sold all the seeds in 15 minutes." A 50c. certificate free with each package. This wonderful instrument is made by the famous Columbia Phonograph Co., of New York and Paris. With it we send five selections as follows: Speech; "Song of Sixpence;" "The Mocking Bird;" Imitations of Robins, Tree Toads, Turkeys, Chickens, Ostriches, etc., and Cornet Solo, "Dixie Land." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. M. Payne, Brimston's Corners, Ont., says: "I think my Graphophone is a splendid premium for so little work." **The Dominion Seed Co., Dept. 415 Toronto, Ont.**

BOYS A FREE RIFLE

Sure death to Rats, Crows, Sparrows, etc. **Long range, terrific force.** Best make and latest model, with handsomely nickel-plated barrel, trigger guard and side plates, improved globe sights, pistol grip and walnut stock. Shoots B. B. shot, slugs or darts with terrific force and perfect accuracy. **The best Air Gun made. Given** for selling only **1½ doz.** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds, at 10c.** each. Each package is beautifully decorated in 12 colors, and contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant large flowering varieties in every imaginable color. H. Smith, Sydney, C.B., said: "I sold all the Seeds in five minutes. They went like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Sell them, return $1.80, and we will immediately forward your Rifle. **The Prize Seed Co., Dept 405 Toronto, Ont**

FREE SLEEPING DOLL

GIRLS! we trust you. We don't want one cent of your money. We want to make you a present of this big, **beautifully dressed** pretty **Sleeping Doll.** Dollie has long, golden curls, moving bisque head, arms and legs and lovely blue eyes that shut and open, go to sleep and wake up, like a



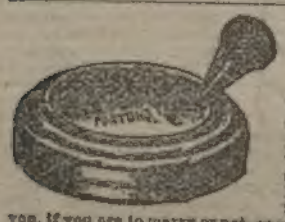
real live baby. Her hat is trimmed in the latest style and her dress is made of the richest material, cut in the latest fashion and elegantly trimmed with lace and velvet. She has shoes, stockings and lace-trimmed underwear, and can be dressed and undressed as often as you like. Girls, this doll is a charming beauty and prettier than you can possibly imagine. Lizzie Sprent Newdale, Man., said: "I received the Doll to-day. It is the prettiest Doll I have ever seen." **Remember, you can get her free.** All we ask of you is to sell only **15** of our large beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. A 50c. Certificate free with each package. Gertrude Reid, Seaforth, Ont., says: "I received my box at 3 o'clock and at half-past all the packages were sold. They went very fast." Write a **Post Card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. **Prize Seed Co.,** Dept. 415, Toronto

FREE Watch and Chain and Rifle

Given absolutely free for selling only 2½ doz. large beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. The Watch has a handsome Silver nickel case elaborately engraved and is fitted with a reliable imported movement. The Rifle is of the best make and latest model with all steel barrel and fittings, improved globe sights, pistol grip and walnut stock. It shoots B.B. Shot, slugs or darts with terrific force and perfect accuracy, and is always ready for rats, squirrels and trespassing cats and dogs. **Boys, remember** you do not get one but **the whole three Premiums** for selling only 2½ doz. packages of our Seeds. They are the easiest sellers ever handled. **Everybody buys them.** A 50c. Certificate free with each package. Roy Butler, Wilsonville, Ont., said: "I sold all the Seeds in a few minutes. They went like hot cakes." Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. When sold return $3.00 and we will forward at once the **Watch, Chain and Rifle.** Boys, here is your chance. Don't delay. Address: **THE DOMINION SEED CO., TORONTO.**

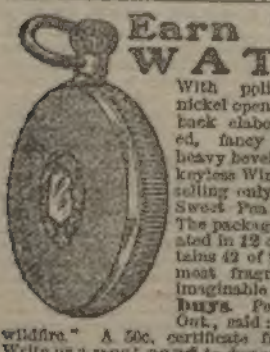
GIRLS EVERYTHING YOU SEE IN THIS PICTURE FREE

1. A Lovely Big Doll, as pretty as a picture, stylishly dressed from top to toe in the richest material, with hat to match, underclothing, shoes, stockings, etc., that you can take off and put on as often as you like. II. A complete set of Doll's Furniture, bureau, washstand, bed, lounge, table, chairs and stove. III. Laundry Outfit—tub, washboard, iron and stand. IV. Table Service—cup and saucer, knife, fork and spoon, lemonade jug, glass and tray. V. A Baby Doll in a cradle; also a frying pan. Enough furniture and things to start Dolly up in housekeeping. Girls, we give everything shown in this picture absolutely Free. A big dressed Doll, 8 pieces of furniture, and 15 other articles, all for selling only **1 doz.** of our new Canadian Home Cook Books, at **15c.** each. These Books were never before sold for less than 25c. They are nicely printed, beautifully bound, and each contains **739** choice recipes. **Every Lady buys one.** A 50c. certificate free with each Book. Jessie Baxter, Sherbrooke, Que., said: "I never saw anything sell so quickly as your Cook Books. They went like wildfire." This is the grandest dressed Doll and the most complete outfit ever offered. Girls! you must not miss this chance. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send the Cook Books postpaid. **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. 402 TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

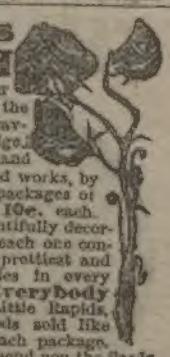


FORTUNE TELLER FREE

A marvellous invention. It will tell your fortune and answer every question you ask it. If you wish to know whether fortune or misfortune awaits you, if you are to marry or not, or anything else that now puzzles you, just direct your thoughts and conversation to this Magic Fortune Teller, and everything will be made clear. You can talk to it as though it were a living being, and it will answer without an instant's delay. We give this wonderful machine for selling at **15c.** each only **7** Canadian Home Cook Books. These Books are nicely printed, beautifully bound, and each contains 739 choice recipes. **Every housekeeper buys one.** Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the Cook Books postpaid. Don't delay. Home Specialty Co., Dept. 452, Toronto.



Earn This WATCH



With polished silver nickel open face case, the back elaborately engraved, fancy milled edge, heavy bevelled crystal and keyless Wind, imported works, by selling only 15 large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** Percy Ball, Little Rapids, Ont., said: "The seeds sold like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. Don't delay. Edward Gilbert, Petrolea, Ont., says: "I received my watch in good condition. It is a daisy and I am very much pleased with it." **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 462 TORONTO, Ont.**

Elegant FUR SCARF FREE

Send us your name and address on a **Post Card** and we will send you **10 Canadian Home Cook Books** to sell for us at **15c.** each. **Every lady buys one.** A 50c. Certificate free with each book. Laura Barry, Blackville, N.B., said: "Your Cook Books went like hot cakes. Everyone was pleased with them." This elegant Fur Scarf, which we give for selling only **10** Cook Books is 3 ft. 6 in. long, 5 in. wide, made of selected full furred skins, with 6 fine full black tails. Annie Void, Asker, Alta, says: "I am delighted with my Ruff. All my friends think it is a beauty." Write to-day. **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. 478, Toronto, Ont**

FREE TALKING DOLL

Girls! Would you like to receive this big, handsome Talking Doll for a few minutes' work after school? If so, write us a **post card** at once and we will mail you **15** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell at **10c.** each. When sold, remit us $1.50 and we will forward to your address, carefully packed, this lovely **Talking Doll.** Dolly is a perfect beauty, with rosy cheeks, blue eyes, moving bisque head, and long natural curly hair. She talks and says "Ma Ma" and "Pa Pa," like a real live baby. **Girls,** order the 15 packages of seeds at once. Sell them to your friends and receive this big **Talking Doll** for your trouble. Mary Speelee, Mono Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the seeds sold." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Prize Seed Co., Dept **406** Toronto

FREE KNIFE

We give this beautiful **Pearl-Handled, Four-Bladed** Knife of best quality highly tempered steel, burnished bolsters and brass lining, for selling only **8** packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each.** The packages are beautifully decorated in **12** colors and each one contains **42** of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** Roy Lupply, Rosewood, Man., said: "I sold the Seeds in a few minutes. They went like wildfire." A 50c. Certificate free with each package. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. Raymond Pelly, Holland, Man., says: "My Knife is just beautiful, and is a most excellent Premium for the little work I did." **The Dominion Seed Co., Dept. 417 Toronto.**

FREE PERCUSSION GUN

Given for selling only **10** packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds, at 10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors, and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** Roy Lupply, Rosewood, Man., said: "The Seeds went like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. This splendid Rifle is 25 inches long, has bright nickel barrel, improved lock and hammer and highly polished wood stock, carefully sighted and tested. It explodes caps and shoots shot, slugs or darts with terrific force. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. We formerly gave this Gun for selling $1.50 worth; but as we have only a few left, we have put the price down to $1.00, in order to clear them out. Write at once if you want one. **Prize Seed Co., Dept. 411 Toronto, Ont.**

AN ELEGANT TOILET SET FREE

Finest English China of the latest and most beautiful design, handsomely decorated with flowers in lovely colors. We give the 6 pieces shown in the picture, all full size, making the most complete and desirable set that any lady could wish to have. To set off a spare room or make your own room beautiful and attractive nothing could be better than one of our handsome Toilet Sets. We will give you one absolutely free for selling only **20 Canadian Home Cook Books** at **15c** each. These books are nicely printed, beautifully bound, and each contains **739** Choice Recipes. **Every lady buys one.** A 50c. Certificate free with each book. Florence Ascott, Rupert, Que., said: "I sold all the Cook Books in a few minutes. Everyone was pleased with them and thought them awfully cheap." Write us a **Post Card** to-day, and we will send you the Cook Books postpaid. Sell them, return $3.00, and we will immediately send you this elegant Toilet Set. **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 403 TORONTO**

FREE 8-KEY CORNET

Finely shaped and beautifully made of polished nickel, with powerful, clear, sweet tone, given for selling at **15c.** each only 8 beautiful 14K. gold finished Stick Pins. These dainty Pins are in a variety of pretty designs, set with exquisite imitation Turquoise, Diamonds, Rubies, etc. They look easily worth 50c., and at our price, only **15c., go like wildfire.** Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the Stick Pins postpaid. A. Wiseman, Kirkton, Ont., says: "I was surprised to get such a grand Premium for so little work." Address **THE MAXWELL CO., Dept. 446, Toronto, Ont.**

Earn This Watch

with polished silver nickel open face case, the back elaborately engraved, fancy milled edge, heavy bevelled crystal and keyless wind, imported works, by selling at **10c.** each only **15 Glass Pens.** These pens are made entirely of glass. They never rust, never wear out and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** M. E. Bush, Rose Island, Ont., says: "The Pens sell like hot cakes. Everyone is pleased with them." A 50c. certificate free with each Pen. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the pens postpaid. Don't delay. Edward Gilbert, Petrolea, Ont., says: "I received my watch in good condition. It is a daisy and I am very much pleased with it." **Pen Co.,** Dept. 463, Toronto.

FREE HORSELESS CARRIAGE

The newest thing out, runs by machinery concealed beneath the Carriage, made entirely of metal nicely finished in colors. Given for selling at **10c.** each only **6 Glass Pens.** These Pens are made entirely of Glass. They never rust, never wear out, and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** P. MacGillivray, Goderich, Ont., says: "All the people wanted the Pens. Some bought two and three." A 50c. Certificate free with each Pen. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the Pens postpaid. **The Pen Co., Dept. 460, Toronto.**

FREE FUR SCARF

Soft, warm, brown River Mink Scarf, 4 ft. long, 5 inches wide, with 6 fine full black tails. A perfect imitation of real mink. Looks worth $15.00. We give it free for selling at **25c.** each, only **1 dozen large bottles** of exquisite **White Rose Perfume,** the regular 50c. size. It is put up in large Fancy Glass Bottles, nicely moulded in imitation of cut glass, and beautifully ornamented in colors. This Perfume is made by one of the largest manufacturers in Europe. We were fortunate enough to secure a shipment at a specially reduced price, and are thus able to sell at 25c. a bottle, just one-half the regular price. Everyone you show it to will buy at least one bottle. Send us a Post Card to-day and we will mail you the Perfume, postpaid. A 50c. certificate free with each bottle. **The Paris Perfume Co., Dept. 426, Toronto.**

FREE TRIP TO JAPAN

Given to any Boy or Girl for selling only 6 large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in **12** colors, and each one contains **42** of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. A 50c. certificate free with each package. This wonderful invention has a strong magnifying glass in one end through which you can see beautiful colored views of Japanese scenes, which look so natural and lifelike that you will almost think you are travelling through that wonderful country. Get one and entertain your friends. With each we send free 12 interesting scenes—famous gardens, beautiful buildings, charming scenery, etc. Write a **Post Card** for seeds to-day. They sell themselves. Harry Smith, Sydney, C.B., said: "I sold all the seeds in 5 minutes. They went like wildfire." **THE DOMINION SEED CO., Dept. 494, Toronto.**

GIRLS! TAKE ME I AM FREE

I want a mamma. Don't you want a pretty dollie? I can talk. I say "Papa" and "Mamma." And I can cry, too, like any baby. I have golden curls, blue eyes, rosy cheeks, pearly teeth and a lovely complexion. They say I am as pretty as a picture and I can talk. You never saw a doll that could do that, did you? But the best of it is you can get me without spending one cent. All you have to do is to sell at **10c.** each only **15** packages of Lemon, Vanilla and Almond Flavoring Powders. One package equals 20c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. Everybody buys. A 50c. certificate free with each package. Bessie Spencer, Holloway, Ont., said: "Everybody bought the powders and thought they were splendid." **Girls, I want a mamma and I know you want a pretty Talking Doll.** Write a **post card** to the **STANDARD FLAVORING CO.**, Toronto, Dept 435. They will send you the Powders to sell.

Boys don't miss this Chance.

FREE ENAMELLED WATCH

for men or boys. Handsome Silver Nickel case on which a Deer is elegantly enamelled, the rich brown fur and delicate coloring making the whole design absolutely true to life. A very beautiful and a thoroughly reliable watch that answers every purpose of the most expensive timepiece given for selling at **10c.** each only **1½ doz. Glass Pens.** These Pens are made entirely of Glass. They never rust, never wear out and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** M. E. Bush, Rose Island, Ont., says: "The Pens sell like hot cakes. Everyone is pleased with them." A 50c. Certificate free with each Pen. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will mail the Pens postpaid. Don't delay. Wm. Frankcald, Shoal Lake, Man., says: "I received the Watch and am more than delighted with it. It is a splendid timekeeper and also a handsome watch." Address **THE PEN CO., DEPT. 464, TORONTO.**

MORRIS CHAIR EASILY EARNED

by selling at **15c.** each only **2½ Doz. Canadian Home Cook Books.** These books are nicely printed, beautifully bound and each contains **739** Choice Recipes. **Every woman buys one.** With each Book we give a 50c. certificate free. Mrs. Canning, Montague, N.S., says: "I had great success selling your Cook Books. Everyone was delighted with them." This handsome **Reclining** Chair is made of the finest Golden Oak, highly polished, upholstered in rich velours, with handsome patterns in light, dark or medium colors. The cushions are deeply tufted, all-wool filled, and the back can be adjusted to any position. This magnificent piece of furniture will cost you only a little of your spare time. Write a **Post Card** to-day and we will send the Cook Books, postpaid. **The Home Specialty Company, Dept. 450. Toronto.**

FREE OPAL RING

made of Solid Gold alloy, handsomely designed and set with three large beautiful Opals that show all the gorgeous colors of the rainbow. A very handsome and stylish Ring, given free for selling at **10c.** each only **6** packages of Lemon, Vanilla and Almond Flavoring Powders. One package equals 20c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. Used by the leading caterers, hotels and restaurants. **Every housekeeper buys them.** A 50c. certificate free with every package. Send us a **Post Card** to-day and we will mail the Flavoring Powders postpaid. This is a special offer made to clear out a stock of Rings. Write at once if you wish to take advantage of it. Cora Washington, Auburn, Ont., says: "I am perfectly delighted with my Opal Ring. It is a magnificent Premium for so little work." **The Standard Flavoring Co., Dept. 466 Toronto**

FREE ASSOCIATION Football

made of specially prepared Oak Tanned Leather, hand sewn and furnished with best quality red rubber bladder, given for selling at **15c.** each only **10 Diamond Collar Buttons** with richly engraved gold finished tops, set with large, sparkling Electric Diamonds. A 50c. certificate free with each Button. Geo. Sinclair, Innisfail, Alta., says: "I sold the Buttons in 5 minutes. Everyone was pleased with them." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Buttons postpaid. Don't delay. **Gem Novelty Co.**, Dept. 424, Toronto.

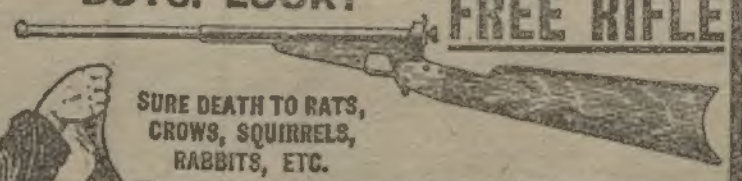
CHINA FRUIT SET FREE

One large Fruit Bowl and 12 dainty Fruit Dishes, all hand decorated with beautiful sprays of Violets, Lilies of the Valley and delicate leaves, in lovely natural colors. Each dish has the latest fancy-shaped edge, decorated all around to a depth of 2 inches with a beautiful raised design in pink and gold, very rich. **This handsome set could not be bought in any store for less than $2.50.** It has that ringing tone found only in the best of china. It will set off your table better than anything you have ever owned, and **will not cost you one cent.** Simply send us your name and address on a **Post Card** and we will mail you **1 doz.** 25c. Cook Books to sell for us at 15c. each. When sold return $1.80 and we will immediately forward this elegant Set. Laura Barry, Blackville, N.B., said: "Your Cook Books went like hot cakes. Everyone was pleased with them." A 50c. certificate free with each Book. Write us to-day. You will never get another chance like this. **The Home Specialty Co., Dept 475, Toronto.**

1000 SETS OF DISHES FREE

LADIES We have just bought **1,000** Sets of Dishes from a large manufacturer in Europe, at a specially low price, and while they last, will give one set to everyone who will sell amongst their friends only **15** of our Canadian Home Cook Books at **15c.** each. These books were never sold before for less than 35c. They are nicely printed, beautifully bound and each contains **739** choice Recipes. With every book we give a 50c. Certificate Free. **Every lady buys one.** Our agents say they never handled anything that sold so easily. Florence Ascott, Rupert Que., said: "I sold all the Cook Books in a few minutes. Everybody was pleased with them and thought them awfully cheap." In our illustration we can do little more than show you the shape of this elegant set. It consists of 36 pieces, all full size for family use, and for all practical purposes equal to any $15.00 set ever sold. The design is new and the beautiful decorations in natural colors will not wash or wear off. It is beyond all doubt the prettiest set of Dishes we have ever advertised, and remember, dear lady, you have only to sell **15** of our fast selling Cook Books to get it. Any lady can easily sell them in an hour, and at this rate our 1,000 sets will not last very long, so **do not put off writing until it is too late.** Mrs. Magee, London, Ont. says: "I am delighted with my Dishes. I never expected such a magnificent Premium for the small amount of work I did for you." The Home Specialty Co., Dept. **421** Toronto

BOYS. LOOK! FREE RIFLE



SURE DEATH TO RATS, CROWS, SQUIRRELS, RABBITS, ETC.

Boys! How would you like to have an **All-Steel Long-Distance Air Rifle** of the best make and latest model, that shoots B. B. Shot, Slugs and Darts with terrific force and perfect accuracy? We are giving away **Absolutely Free** these splendid Rifles to anyone who will sell only **1½ doz.** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors, and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties, in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** M. Speeles, Mono Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the Seeds sold. They went like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Boys, this is the best Air Gun made. It has all steel barrel and fittings, improved globe sights, pistol grip and walnut stock. Is always ready for Squirrels, Rats, Sparrows, etc. Geo. Allen, Brandon, Man., says: "I received my Rifle yesterday and think it is a beauty. I have shot 5 birds already." **Dominion Seed Co.**, Dept. **414**, Toronto.

BARGAIN SALE

Remnants of SILK RIBBONS almost FREE

We have recently purchased several Thousand Dollars worth of Ribbon Remnants, in London, England, at such below the actual cost of manufacture. We are thereby enabled to offer the lady readers of this paper **an immense bargain** in choice Ribbons. They are all from **one to three yards in length,** and some **3 inches wide.** Amongst these Ribbons are some of the very finest quality, Crown Edge, Gros-Grain, Moire, Picot Edge, Satin Edge, Silk Brocades, Striped Ottoman and various other plain and fancy styles, in a variety of fashionable colors, **all shades and widths,** suitable for Bonnet Strings, Neckwear, Trimmings for Hats and Dresses, Bows, Scarfs, etc., etc. All first class. No lady can purchase such fine Ribbons as these at any store in the land for many times our price. **Don't miss this Bargain. Mrs. W. Gallagher, East Clifton, Que., says:** "I consider your Ribbons the cheapest Ribbons I ever got." Price, per box, only 35c., or 3 boxes for 90c. postpaid. Mil inery Supply Co., Box N. S., Toronto.

TOY CANNON FREE

To any bright boy who will sell only **6** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** Percy Bell, Little Rapids, Ont., said: "The Seeds sold like wildfire." A 50c. Certificate free with each package. The Cannon is made of iron, nicely bronzed, and has a spring for shooting buckshot, peas, etc. The ammunition wagon and the artillery horses are very natural, and the gun carriage can be fastened or unfastened from the ammunition wagon just like a real big Cannon. It is a beautiful toy, and the best value we have ever given for so little work. You can easily earn it in a few minutes. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the **Seeds** postpaid. **The Dominion Seed Co.**, Dept. **416** Toronto

14K. GOLD WATCH FREE

What is the use of spending $25.00 or $50.00 for a Watch when you can get one for nothing that looks like a Solid Gold Watch and keeps time equal to any $50.00 Watch. Here is your chance. We will give this handsome reliable Watch to any person who will sell for us only **16 Canadian Home Cook Books at 15c.** each. These Books are nicely printed, beautifully bound and each contains **739** choice recipes. **Every Lady buys one.** A 50c. certificate free with each Book. This is not a cheap pocket clock, but a handsome Watch, finished in 14k. gold, elegantly engraved, beautifully ornamented, stem wind and set, fitted with reliable American works, carefully timed and adjusted before leaving the factory, and positively guaranteed by the maker. If you could afford to pay $50.00 for a Watch you could not get one that would look better, or keep better time than the one we here offer you absolutely free. T. F. Dunbar, Renfrew, Ont., says: "I sold the Watch for $6.00 as soon as I got it." Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send the Cook Books postpaid. They sell themselves **The Home Specialty Co., Dept 474, Toronto, Ont.**

BEAUTIFUL PRESENTS FREE

GIRLS! We trust you with **10** large beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell for us at **10c.** each. For your trouble we will give you a beautiful gold finished **Opal Ring also a Gold or Silver** composition, full size curb chain **Bracelet.** Remember, you get **both the Ring and Bracelet** for selling only **10** packages. **Everybody buys our Seeds.** They are the easiest sellers ever handled. Mary Speeles, Mono Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the seeds sold. They went like wildfire." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the seeds postpaid. A 50c. certificate free with each package. **Dominion Seed Co.**, Dept **451** Toronto.

FUR SCARF FREE

Soft, warm, glossy black, 3 ft. 6 inches long, 6 inches wide, made of selected full furred skins with 6 fine full tails. A handsome, stylish fur, given free for selling at **10c.** each only **15** packages of Lemon, Vanilla and Almond Flavoring Powders. One package equals 20c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. **Every housekeeper buys them.** A 50c. certificate free with each package. Mrs. J. Eastcott, Shoal Lake, Man., says: "I sold my Flavoring Extracts in a few minutes. I can sell it just as fast as you can handle it." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the Flavoring Powders postpaid. Don't delay. Mary Murphy, McPhail, Ont., says: "I am delighted with my fur. Everyone thinks it is beautiful." **Standard Flavoring Co.**, Dept. 447 Toronto.

George Clark WILL GIVE YOU THIS RING

Solid Gold finished, set with Rubies and Pearls, **FREE** for selling 4 of my large Art Pictures at the reduced price of 25 cents. All different. No trouble to sell these pictures, they are handsome art productions, done in 16 to 17 colors, originals costing 200 to 500 dollars. The first four you meet will gladly take them at 25 cents to help you win the premium. The Ring guaranteed worth many times this small service, but want to introduce my pictures at once. **Send No Money in advance.** I trust you and will send the pictures representing 4 different and beautiful scenes, all charges paid, immediately on receipt of name from you. **GEO. G CLARK, Mgr. Dept 480,** Toronto

FREE SOLID GOLD RING

Genuine Precious Stones, **Pearls, Turquoise** and **Garnets**, set in a **beautifully engraved real Solid Gold Ring**, given for selling at 15c. each only 7 Canadian Home Cook Books. These books were never before sold for less than 25c. They are nicely printed, beautifully bound, and each contains 739 choice recipes. With each Cook Book we give a 50c. certificate free. **Every housekeeper buys one.** J. Baxter, Sherbrooke, Que., said: "I never saw anything sell so quickly as your Cook Books." Send us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the Cook Books postpaid. A. Goodick, Sandy Point, N.S., said: "I received the Gold Ring, and am more than glad and satisfied with it. All my friends think it a beauty." **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 454, Toronto.**

FREE SWEET TONED AUTOHARP

Made of selected California redwood, handsomely polished, 23 silver strings and 3 bars, producing 3 chords. This popular instrument complete with music rack, picks, full instructor and 16 selections, given for selling at **15c.** each only **10 Canadian Home Cook Books.** These Books were never before sold for less than 25c. They are nicely printed, beautifully bound and each contains **739** choice recipes. **Every woman buys one.** With each book we give a 50c. certificate free. H. Fitch, Niagara Falls South, Ont., says: "The Cook Books sold well. Everyone thinks they are very fine for the money." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the Cook Books postpaid. H. Proctor, Vancouver, B.C., says: "I received my Autoharp and am more than pleased with it." Write us to-day. **Home Specialty Co.** Dept. 456, Toronto

FREE LANTERN AND ENGINE

Splendid Magic Lantern with powerful lenses showing dozens of pictures in colors and Real Steam Engine with brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and fly wheel, and Russian iron burner compartment, **given** for selling at **10c.** each only **1 doz. Glass Pens.** These Pens are made entirely of Glass. They never rust, never wear out, and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** A 50c. certificate free with each Pen. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the Pens postpaid. When sold return $1.20 and we will forward immediately both the **Lantern and Engine. THE PEN CO., Dept. 459, TORONTO, Ont.**

ENAMELLED LADY'S WATCH FREE

for selling at **10c.** each only 2 **doz.** Lemon, Vanilla and Almond **Non-alcoholic Flavoring Powders.** One package equals 25c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. Used by the leading caterers, hotels and restaurants. **Every housekeeper buys them.** A 50c. certificate free with each package. Miss E. Eastcott, Sheal Lake, Man., said: "I sold all the Flavoring Powders in half an hour. It is just play to sell it." You can easily earn this beautiful little watch in a few minutes. It is open face, with fancy decorated dial, gold hands and stem wind and set, reliable imported works. The case is solid silver nickel, beautifully finished with a large rose with buds and leaves elegantly enamelled in seven colors, a perfect copy of Nature's art. Nothing half so beautiful has ever been offered for so little work. Elsa Robinson, Powassan, Ont., said: "I received my watch in good order and think it is a perfect beauty." Send us a **post card** to-day and we will mail you the Flavoring Powders postpaid. Standard Flavoring Co. Dept. 46 Toronto

SEEDS ON CREDIT.

We trust you with **6** large beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell for us at **10c.** each. When sold, return 60c., and we will send you this handsome **Opal Ring** made of Solid Gold Alloy, set with three large beautiful opals that show all the colors of the rainbow. This is an exceedingly handsome ring and cannot be told from a real opal even by an expert. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. Gracie Brown, Cheverie, N.S., said: "I sold all the seeds in a few minutes." A 50c. certificate free with each package. **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 466 TORONTO.**

WE TRUST YOU

With 2 doz. large beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell for us at **10c.** each. For your trouble we will give you a beautiful little Watch with Gold hands on which a large rose with buds and leaves is elegantly enamelled in seven colors. Elsa Robinson, Powassan, Ont., says: "My watch is a perfect beauty." Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. A 50c. Certificate free with each package. Gracie Brown, Cheverie, N.S., said: "I sold all the Seeds in a few minutes." **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 468 TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

FREE VIOLIN

Powerful, Sweet-toned Violin, full size, Stradivarius model, made of selected wood, with highly polished top, inlaid edges and ebony finished trimmings, given for selling at **15c.** each only **10 Diamond Collar Buttons** with richly engraved gold finished tops set with large sparkling Electric Diamonds. A 50c. certificate free with each Button. Gordon C. Hean, Chantlers Ont., says: "I had no trouble selling the Collar Buttons. Everyone thinks they are cheap and pretty." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Buttons postpaid. N. McKenzie, Whitewood, B.C., says: "I am well pleased with my Violin. Everyone that sees it says it is worth $5.00." Write at once. **Gem Novelty Co., Dept. 493 Toronto.**

FREE Watch and Chain and Rifle

Boys! Earn a handsome Silver Nickel **Watch,** elaborately engraved, with keyless wind imported works, a **Chain** and **Charm and an All-steel Long-distance Air Rifle** of the best make and latest model that shoots B.B. shot, slugs or darts with terrific force and perfect accuracy, by selling at **15c.** each only **20 Canadian Home Cook Books.** These books were never before sold for less than 25c. They are nicely printed, beautifully bound and each contains **739** choice recipes. **Every housekeeper buys one.** J. Baxter, Sherbrooke, Que., says: "I never saw anything sell so quickly as your Cook Books." With every book we give a 50c. certificate free. Send us a **Post Card** to-day and we will mail the Cook Books postpaid. When sold return us $3.00 and we will forward at once the **Rifle, Watch and Watch Chain.** This is the biggest chance you ever had in your life. Write to-day. **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., Toronto.**

FREE EBONY PICCOLO

A regular Professional Instrument, full size, suitable for solo or orchestra work, beautifully polished and correctly tuned. Given for selling at **10c.** each only **8 Glass Pens.** These Pens are made entirely of Glass. They never rust, never wear out, and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** B. Grigor, Welland, Ont., says: "I sold the Pens in a few minutes. They went like hot cakes." A 50c. Certificate free with each Pen. Write us a **Post Card** to-day, and we will send you the Pens postpaid. M. McCurdy, Otterville, Ont., says: "I am more than pleased and delighted with my handsome Premium." A complete Self-Instructor and a large assortment of popular selections sent with each instrument. **THE PEN CO., DEPT. 465 TORONTO.**

GIRLS THIS DOLL IS FOR YOU

Not a single cent to pay for her. As pretty as a picture. You will fall in love with her the minute you see her. Golden ringlets, laughing blue eyes, rosy cheeks, stylishly dressed in silk and satin, with velvet and lace trimmings. Lovely trimmed hat, dainty little slippers, real stockings, lace-trimmed underwear. She can be dressed and undressed like any live baby. Her head, arms and legs are movable. She can stand alone or sit in a chair or on the floor. When you get her you will say she is the prettiest doll you have ever seen. **We give her free,** for selling at **15c.** each only **8 Canadian Home Cook Books.** These books are nicely printed, beautifully bound, and each contains **739** choice recipes. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the Cook Books postpaid. You can easily sell them in a few minutes. **Every housekeeper buys one.** 30,000 sold already. With every Cook Book we give a 50c. Certificate Free. JESSIE BAXTER, SHERBROOKE, QUE., says: "I never saw anything sell so quickly as your Cook Books." **Don't miss this grand chance** but write at once. LIZZIE SPROUTE, NEWDALE, MAN., says: "I received the Doll and think it is a fine Premium. It is the loveliest Doll I have ever had." Address **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 449. Toronto.**

BANG! BANG! BANG!

FREE MAGAZINE RIFLE

20 Shots a minute. 200 Shots with one loading. DEATH TO CATS, Rats, Crows and Squirrels. Boys, Boys, Boys, a Magazine Rifle Free, the best make, the latest model, the strongest, straightest Shooting Air Rifle made to-day. It has globe sights, steel barrel and fittings, pistol grip and splendid walnut stock. All parts interchangeable. Magazine holds 200 Shots. We have placed a large contract with one of the biggest manufacturers, and in order to use the immense quantity we have bought, we have decided to put the price down to just one half of what has formerly been asked for this Gun. We will give one of these magnificent weapons absolutely free to anyone who will sell for us only 2 doz. large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. Each package is beautifully decorated in 12 colors and contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** They are the best seeds ever handled. M. Speeles, Mono Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the Seeds sold. They went like wildfire." Don't miss this grand chance but write a **Post Card** for Seeds to-day. Gordon Hunter, Peterboro, Ont., says: "I am delighted with my Gun. I have knocked a couple of birds off our barn with it already." Address: **THE DOMINION SEED CO., Toronto, Ontario.**

FREE.

COMBINATION KNIFE AND TOOL SET

Given for selling only **9** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties of every imaginable color. Harry Smith, Sydney, C.B., said: "I sold all the seeds in 5 minutes. They went like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. This magnificent Knife is a complete Tool Chest in itself, consisting of 1—Screw Driver, 2—Nut Cracker, 3—Hoof Cleaner, 4—Punch, 5 Cork Screw, 6—Tweezers, 7—Probe, 8—Big Blade, 9—Little Blade. This is a strong, well-finished Knife, made in Sheffield, England, of the best quality English steel with stag handle and name plate. G. Mitchell, Plantagenet, Ont., says: "I must say my Knife is a splendid Premium. My friends all say it is a beauty." Write us a **post card** today and we will mail the Seeds postpaid. Sell them, return 90c., and we will immediately forward your Knife. Address, **The Dominion Seed Co., Dept. 458 Toronto.**

BOY'S PRINTER

A complete printing office, three alphabets of rubber type, bottle of best indelible ink, type holder, self-inking pad, and type tweezers. You can print 500 cards, envelopes, or tags in an hour and make money. Price, with instructions, 15c., postpaid. The Novelty Co., Box 01 Toronto.

WE TRUST YOU

With 13 large, beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell for us at **10c.** each. When sold return $1.50 and we will immediately send you this **elegant Fur Scarf,** 3 ft. 6 in. long, 5 in. wide, made of selected full-furred skins, with 6 fine full black tails. A handsome, stylish fur, fully equal in appearance to the most expensive Fur Scarf, and just as warm and comfortable. Ethel Austen, St. Catharines, Ont., said: "I cannot express my thanks for the Ruff. It is just beautiful." Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will mail the Seeds postpaid. A 50c. certificate free with each package. Mrs. A. Logan, St. Johns, N.B., said: "The Seeds went like hot cakes." Address: **The DOMINION SEED CO., Dept. 477, Toronto, Ont.**

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